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THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.



VIEW OF ST. HELENA.

LONELY, isolated, storm-beaten "Rock of the Sea." Six thousand miles from Europe, twelve hundred from the nearest point of land. Ten miles long, six miles broad, lying straight under the rays of a tropical sun, and presenting to the ocean an immense perpendicular wall from 1,000 to 1,200 feet high.

Only three narrow openings in these marine cliffs offer ways of approach to any sea-craft. Such is St. Helena, once the object of violent contest between various nations, scarcely recalled in the present, save as a rendezvous for way-faring ships which touch at its port, or for the dismal wrecks that are shattered against its granite castle.

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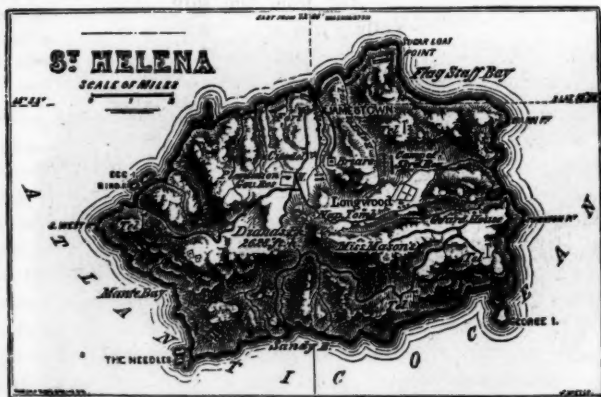
ments; or the place where vessels cross the roadway of each other, giving just a momentary pause for the exchange of friendly greetings, when they sail away, each on her destined course, battled by the tempests, mayhap to be cast upon unknown islands, to founder in a gale, or make port where success awaits such lucky crew. And yet to the island is preserved an immortal memory. Not only that the sea-girt coast is destined to live in the history of each war of Britain, as in the last Zulu conflict, we read that the "English reinforcements had just arrived from St. Helena to Colonel Pearson's relief," but chiefly because of two incidents connected with its lonely shores,

both of them sad, and one filled with a tender pathos, that has cast over the grim life and desolate solitudes an imperishable interest; incidents, that in their sorrowful finale, are also worthy of frequent review.

When the lie of a Belgian guide, in 1815, caused the swallowing up, within a hollow and hidden chasm, of the "Imperial Guard" at Waterloo just the very moment when victory seemed ready to perch on the outspread wings of the French eagle, the disasters of

rophone, which sailed with its convoy of ten vessels without delay. There is a touch of the sublime in the tableau of this emperor, as the ships were tacking out of the channel at Calais, standing upon deck, watching with an anxious eye to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. A sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view. "France! France!" spontaneously burst from the lips of all the French on board. The emperor gazed for

a moment in silence upon the land over which he had so long and so gloriously reigned. Then uncovering his head, he bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, "Land of the brave, I salute thee! I salute thee! Farewell! France farewell." And from this hour, despite the atrocious perfidy of his captors, the spirit of Napoleon assumed the



a life reached their dire ultimatum. We pause in our stroll over the deserted field, the battle ended, the gathering night darting weird shadows over the blood-stained area, and watch the pace of a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the swift current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and with bewildered eye was returning alone toward Waterloo, dizzy, and almost blind from the loss of a battle, that Victor Hugo calls "that mean, monstrous victory." Then we see him led off, almost with force, by his faithful adherents, Bertrand and Bernard, from this scene of woe.

Defeat had indeed wrought its dire work upon the small Corsican, whose cocked hat had kept proud England for twenty years in a paroxysm of craven terror.

It is but a step from Waterloo to the deck of the *Northampton*, which has just weighed anchor for Plymouth, where the royal captive must now be transferred to the *Belle-*

cheerful, cordial tone, resigning itself in noble submission to its inevitable and unparalleled misfortunes.

"Without the slightest reserve," says his historian, Abbott, "he spoke of all the events of his past career, of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters; not manifesting the least tinge of bitter acrimony toward the enemies who were in opposition to him—not even toward that power whose infamous breach of faith must ever constitute a hideous blot on its national escutcheon."

When first assured that St. Helena was to be the place of his imprisonment, the idea appeared too horrible for contemplation. To be chained on such an island for life, within the tropics, at immense distance from any land, cut off from every communication with the world and every thing dear to him in it, he exclaimed:

"It is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage! I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Had they confined me in the

Tower of London, or in one of the strong fortresses of England, although I had hoped better things even than this from the generosity of the English, I should not have murmured. But to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might better have signed my death-warrant at once. It is impossible that a man of my habit can long exist in such a climate." This despairing mood, with its picture of separation from friends, subjects, every earthly joy, its life-imprisonment upon the ocean's most dreary rock, together with the privations and sufferings of those faithful servants who still clung to him, overpowered his natural fortitude, only for a brief time, however. While it lasted, and as he paced the cabin to and fro, he suggested in a slow, deliberate tone, the possibility of freeing himself at once from such grievous captivity, saying to Las Casas, "My friend! I have sometimes an idea of quitting you. This would not be very difficult. I shall be safe. All will be over, and then you can tranquilly rejoin your families." The remonstrance of Las Casas was warm and urgent against such temptation, and he replied:

"Sire! we will live upon the past. There is enough of this to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will re-peruse yourself!" The cloud passed off the emperor's mind, and recovering his accustomed serenity and cheerfulness, no sign of regret, scarcely of despondency, showed itself hereafter.

The squadron that conveyed Bonaparte sailed on August 15th, reaching its destination, after a frightful passage, on Christmas day, in 1815. The barrier rock lifted its sterile front, never more grim and chill, than on that 25th of December. And we almost forget the unscrupulous ambition of the man, the ruler, and stern conqueror, as we see his calm patience and unswerving courage, when he heard the sailor at the mast-head shout, Land ahead! and could see in the dim distance a hazy cloud, that was suspended as a pall of death over his gloomy prison grave.

It racks one's brain to follow this man, of whom an orator in the present has just declared with eloquent emphasis, "that Napoleon's dead hand, stretched out from St. Helena, could still confound his enemies, the Bourbons!" As he toils wearily through the craggy street of Jamestown, we gaze after the imperial exile until he reaches and enters a small, cold, unfurnished room, where the followers set up his iron bedstead, and place a few paltry articles, brought from the ship. The cabin, originally a cow-house, standing on its frightful eyrie of 1,500 feet above the sea, set down in the midst of crags and peaks of rocks, near a desolate chasm, where only a few dwarfed and twisted trees made the spot more lonely still—such was "Longwood"—the spot selected for the life-long residence of Napoleon Bonaparte. The hero whose spirit never quailed before the shot and shell of gathered battalions, might well be seized with a demon of horrible imaginings within the apartments at Jamestown.

A little secluded farm-house caught his attention, after a few days, as he wandered about guarded by sentinels and followed by a curious crowd, called "The Briars," where, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Balcombe, the owners, he selected a Lilliputian Summer-house a few rods from the main building, and there, with the consent of the admiral, he ate, slept, and dictated, while Las Casas and his son crept into one of the garrets; Marchand, the valet, into the other. Here the expatriated friends assembled, finding their chief solace in narrating to each other their privations and sufferings, yet without complaint, "which would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent."

Even the cold English hearts that surrounded the exiles experienced a sentiment of pity and respect at the sublime courage of their emperor, while upon his followers themselves the effect was electric. In 1816 Napoleon took possession of his new house at Longwood, where, in course of time, his attendants were also harbored, having been content for two or three years to dwell in hovels and tents. Here, until 1821, lived



OLD HOUSE AT LONGWOOD.

the emperor, finding his enjoyment in the most simple pleasures; sporting with the children of Generals Bertrand and Montholon, who were always delighted with the privilege; interested in his little garden and beguiling the time with spade and hoe, pruning shrubbery and cultivating flowers, as also raising peas and beans in perfection, or casting hook and line in the small basin, styled fish-pond by courtesy, that was stocked by his own hand. Innumerable were the annoyances to which he was exposed by his exacting masters. Las Casas was torn from him, then his physician, O'Meara. These sorrows, added to his ever-failing health, produced mental tortures, say these friends, inexpressible, and, indeed, never told in full even to them. In this final extremity Bonaparte's thoughts seemed to turn towards a religious faith, of which in his splendid career he had heretofore given no sign, except as a state measure.

Demanding, however, homage as a right, expecting glorious victory always, attracting vast armies to his interest and person by a kind of electric magnetism, when an inexorable and adverse fate brought its terrible reaction, the man seemed upheld by the same iron will that fell upon Moscow, engendering a stoical pride of endurance that apparently bore no semblance to pious aspi-

ration or gracious submission to divine ordinance.

The British Government at last consented that Napoleon's friends in Europe should send a physician, and by the emperor's desire two ecclesiastics also. Dr. Antommarchi and the Abbé Buonavita, an aged prelate, who had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother and to the Princess Pauline at Rome, were dispatched. At the first interview with the latter we hear him say in the tones of a man upon the verge of the grave: "We have been too long deprived of the ordinances of religion. Hereafter we will have communion service every Sabbath, and we will observe the sacred days recognized by the Concordat. Let us establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies observed in France."

To Count Montholon he avows on one lonely evening, "In the midst of camps I forgot religion; upon the throne, surrounded by generals, we were far from devout, I can not deny. I did not dare say 'I am a believer.' I said 'religion is a power—a political engine.' But even then if one had put the direct question, I would have answered, 'I am a Christian!' But now that I am at St. Helena, I live for myself. Why should I dissemble? I wish for a priest and the sacrament of the Lord's-supper."

To the skeptical General Bertrand he says:

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power—a single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends. Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Yet such is the invasion and conquest of a world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christian. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creation of our genius? *Upon force*; Christ alone founded his empire upon *love*; and at this hour millions of men would die for him. Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Who thinks of me? Who makes effort for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile. And mark what is soon to become of me. Behold the destiny near at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is spreading over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God!"

"The night of May 4th," writes his historian, "dark, cheerless, tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree that Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots and laid prostrate in the mud, the dying emperor all unconscious of the ruin wrought." Strong as the bands of death itself remained the weird, mystic fascination of this wondrous, helpless man to his affectionate followers.

Children that he had loved gazed upon

his changed face with flooded eyes and loud sobbings, covering the emaciated hands with kisses and fears. "Young Bertrand," writes Abbott, "fell senseless, and was carried away fainting. In the midst of this death-drama one of the servants who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, pallid, delirious, wasted, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams he imagined that the emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help. Delirious and dying, the servant stood tottering by the side of his delirious and dying master, wildly exclaiming, "I will not leave the emperor! I will fight and perish with him!"

Another day, when the dying hours lingered slowly away, without word, or sign, save as Count Montholon caught a whisper, "France—army—head of army—Josephine" from the illustrious sufferer's lips. Another dark and tempestuous night succeeding the stormy day, sweeping the ocean and black rocks with ever increasing fury or wailing as mournful a dirge as mortal ear ever heard, seeming to shake the very island, by gigantic billows hurled against the craggy cliffs.

"In this midnight darkness, and the terrific elemental war, the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte passed the earthly veil into the dread unknown," his last words, "Isle of Elba—Napoleon—France—the army—Josephine." In a secluded spot, beneath a weeping willow, which overshadowed the limpid spring whose water he had loved as if it was a personal friend, he was buried, at his own request, with the simplest of marbles to denote his resting-place,

NAPOLÉON,

BORN AT AJACCIO

The 15th of August, 1769.

DIED AT ST. HELENA

The 5th of May, 1821.

Twenty years have gone by leaving the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte desolate, save the guard of one faithful adherent, Sergeant Huber, who refused to leave his master's sarcophagus, when the companions of his exile returned to their native land. Again a convoy of war ships, with the pennons of France floating at the mast-head, anchored outside the dreary rock. A united voice



APARTMENTS AT BRIARS.

from the French people demanded the sacred dust of their banished emperor, and the squadron departs to lay the bones to rest upon the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of Les Invalides.

In that same year a vessel, from the East, of modest dimensions, and unattended by a fleet, cast anchor on the blue waves that surged gently against the rocky fortress of St. Helena. Colors floated at half-mast in various directions, men bear about them sad faces, and yonder, in the deep, heavy shadows of an overhanging tree, they are breaking up the earth for a missionary's grave. The coffin is lowered over the ship's side, while strong, rough, generous men wear a simple badge of mourning, as they drop it into the yawl-boat. They remember in tearful sympathy the fragile form and angel face that so wearily used to glide along the deck. Sadly and heavily they bend the oars, while other boats from other vessels in port, follow the mournful procession to the shore. Tears fill the eyes of the small company as the widower and his orphan children gather in a group for a last look at the gentle mother and faithful wife, Sarah Boardman Judson. Young, fragile, of a lovely personal presence, the idol of a refined home circle, the self-renunciation of

Sarah Hall was volutary and complete when she became the fair young wife of the saintly Boardman, and went forth from her early home and friends, to meet bravely the scenes of future hopes, fears, suffering, and toil in Burmah. Napoleon Bonaparte spake sacred truth when he said, not force but love gave victory and immortal remembrance to the Christian. The devoted pair landed at Rangoon, finding all missionary labor suspended by the Indian revolt.

The Spring of 1829 found Mrs. Boardman ill, yet caring anxiously for the "pale, puny little creature, her infant darling in her arms." The father, too, had succumbed to the deadly miasma and performed his arduous work "with hollow cheeks, eyes too bright, lips wan or glowing crimson," or lay exhausted within his little bamboo cabin in the jungle. And still her letters home were singularly fresh, hopeful, and inspiring through these dark, mysterious hours and weeks and months.

Four years more pass away in which the widow and her little son again thread their course through the Karen wilderness, the perils attendant on which her unobtrusive modesty made no boast. At the expiration of the fourth year of her widowhood, Mrs. Boardman accepted the name of one, whom



DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

long after she declares to be "a perfect union of all that a woman's heart could wish to love and honor," and became the wife of Dr. Adoniram Judson. Mrs. Judson, instead of finding her usefulness retarded by her marriage, saw opening before her a wider and more effective range. The current of her life flowed on more evenly but not less active.

But after a half-score more years, in 1844, her work on earth evidently neared its completion. The disease which had closely followed in her track since her first week in Burmah could not be arrested. A voyage to America was proposed, and "they bore her to the ship, while both fair and dusky faces circled round; and the sound 'of farewell' voices, was half-smothered in grief, and choked with tears." When near the Isle of France, where Dr. Judson expected to part from her, she presented him with a poem, six stanzas, filled with natural feel-

ing and deep pathos. The first and second stanzas run thus:

"We part on this green islet, love,
Thou, for the eastern main,
I, for the setting sun, love—
Oh! when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, love;
For lone thy way will be:
And oft thy tears will fall, love—
For thy children and for me."

But the parting did not there take place, as Mrs. Judson faded so perceptibly after their arrival on the island, that Dr. Judson would not leave her. The ship leaves port, and sails once more on its western way till it nears the harbor of St. Helena. One night of calm repose, and in the morning all is over. "The white drapery of death lies quiet on the bosom cold." The weary disciple sleeps in peace. In the shaded grave at St. Helena we leave her, a brave heart and a mightier conqueror than was he whose grave has made the island world renowned.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE stranger who visits London for the purpose of seeing its wonders, and of inspecting some of its innumerable historical, architectural, and artistic monuments must begin his course, whether it shall be for a day or a week, or a month or a year, by selecting what objects he may see to advantage in the time allotted him, and then persistently refusing to hear about any thing else. Among the things that will be chosen by most persons will certainly be included Westminster Abbey—the one structure which, with its adjuncts and surroundings, possesses a greater interest for all English-speaking people, whether at home or abroad, than any other. As Dean Stanley has well said, “It is what the Parthenon was intended to be for France, what the Valhalla is to Germany, and what Santa Croce is to Italy.” It is at once a venerable place of worship, a mausoleum of the illustrious dead, a gallery of the highest art, especially of sculpture, and an almost unequalled mass of the finest Gothic architecture, and, above all else, the center of more interesting historical affairs than any other point in the united kingdom. It alone might profitably and pleasantly occupy whole weeks and months of continuous and careful study, without even then exhausting the whole of its multitudinous and wonderful associations.

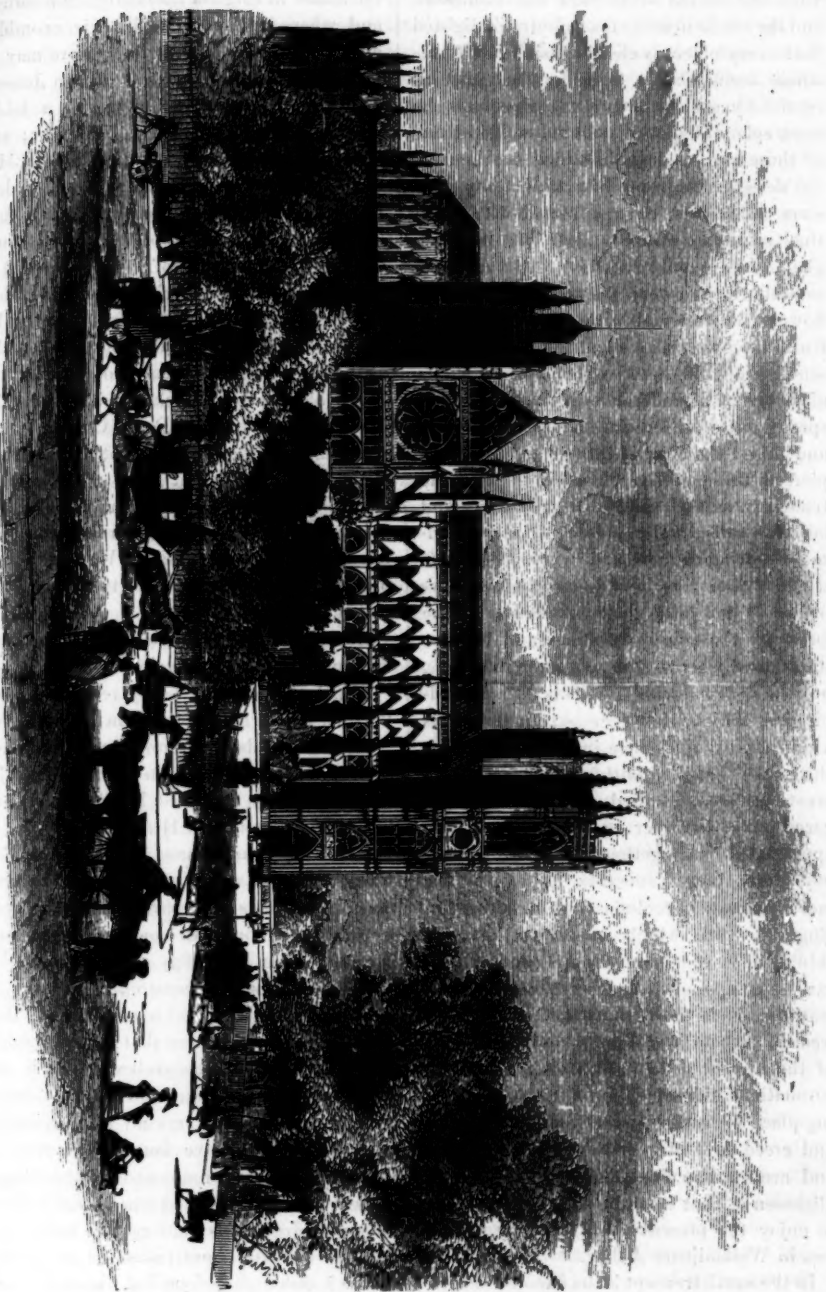
This ancient pile is said to have been founded about the year 616 by Sibert, king of the East Saxons, at first a modest and unpretentious church, which was dedicated to St. Peter, by whom, according to the monkish legend, it was miraculously consecrated. As a church, Westminster is still called St. Peter's. Its name was given to mark its situation to the west of St. Paul's, which was even then at the recognized center of the kingdom, from which point Westminster was two or three miles up the Thames. It may have been used also to distinguish it from another church to the east, of which there are traditions, though no well authenticated records. It was re-

built and greatly enlarged by Edward the Confessor, and again entirely reconstructed by Henry III and his son Edward I. Large additions were made to it by different abbots down to the time of Henry VII, who attached to its eastern side a large and elegant chapel, which still bears his name, designed to serve as a place of burial for himself and succeeding sovereigns.

The whole length of the structure is about four hundred feet; its breadth at the transept two hundred and three feet; length of the nave one hundred and sixteen, breadth thirty-eight feet; the choir is one hundred and fifty-six feet by thirty-one. This is exclusive of the chapel of Henry VII, which is one hundred and fifteen long by eighty wide, its nave being one hundred and four feet by thirty-six. The form of the structure is that of the Latin cross; its style of architecture is pointed Gothic, and so carefully have all its parts been fitted together and made to conform to its own ruling idea that all its chief features perfectly harmonize, and the unity of the whole is admirably maintained. The view of the interior from the west entrance is very grand; and from other points remarkably fine views may be had of the various divisions and the ornaments they present in long and beautiful perspectives. The west window, which is ornamented with paintings on glass of Moses and Aaron and the patriarchs, is one of the finest of its kind in the world; and the scarcely inferior rose window on the north side is, in like manner, embellished with paintings of Christ and the apostles. The choir is neatly fitted up with stalls and seats and a fine organ, and here, each Sunday, Dean Stanley preaches a free Gospel in a free church to as many as may choose to worship in these venerable surroundings and associations.

As seen from the west entrance the view of the interior is truly magnificent. The superb colonnade of pillars forms a perfect arcade of columns and arches, terminating

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—NORTH VIEW.



with the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and the whole interior is so admirably lighted that every object is clearly visible. Of this whole scene Canon Kingsley has said, as truthfully as eloquently: "It is perhaps the most splendid specimen in the world of one of those stone forests in which the men of old delighted to reproduce those leafy minsters which God, not man, has built; when they sent the columns aloft like boles of giant trees; and wreathed their capitals, sometimes their very shafts, with vines and flowers; and decked with foliage and with fruits the bosses above and the corbels; and sent up out of these corbels upright shafts along the walls, in likeness of the trees which sprang out of the rocks above their heads; and raised those walls into great cliffs; and pierced those cliffs with the arches of the triforium, as with wild creature's caves and hermit's cells; and represented in the horizontal string-courses and window-sills the strata of the rocks; and opened the windows into wide and lofty glades, broken as in the forest by the tracery of stems and boughs, through which was seen, not only the outer, but the upper world." This is only a word-picture, which, however excellent of its kind, fails to reproduce in the imagination the image that it so faithfully describes. It must be seen, studied, and continuously gazed upon in order to be even partially appreciated. Altogether Westminster Abbey is the most venerable, as well as the most venerated, ecclesiastical structure in England, with which in respect to such things, we have nothing in this country that can be compared. And its historical associations, even more than its architectural wealth, give to it a dignity and sacredness of the highest order; for it is the seat of coronations, the sepulchre of kings, the resting-place of famous men from every rank and creed, and of every department of art and arms. The final ambition of an Englishman is, that when he can no longer live to enjoy the present world, he may at last rest in Westminster Abbey.

In the south transept is the famous "Poets' Corner"—one of the most frequented quarters of the abbey, where many of the bright-

est names in English literature are recorded, and where rest entombed their crumbled and wasted mortal remains. Here may be seen the medallion portrait of Ben Jonson, and also of the poet Gray, and a tablet marking the resting-place of Spenser; and busts of Butler (author of "Hudibras"), Milton, Matthew Pryor, Southey, and Dryden. Here is the tomb of Chaucer, and a full-length portrait of Shakespeare and of Thomas Campbell. Thomson (of the "Seasons") is represented in a sitting posture, and Addison by a full-sized statue, surrounded by the nine muses; and a tablet near by has the well-known profile likeness of Goldsmith. A marble bust of Thackeray is among the later additions to the "Poets' Corner;" and, strangest of all, and significant of the broad charity of the present dean of Westminster (Stanley), whose undisputed realm the abbey is, may be seen the double medallion likeness of John and Charles Wesley, whom his predecessors seem never to have appreciated.

Surely nowhere else is death more conspicuously the great leveler.

Somebody has very justly remarked that "which ever way one turns in Westminster Abbey he stands in the presence of the dust of England's greatest men and women. In the oldest chapel, that of Edward the Confessor, are the tombs of Henry III, Edward I, Henry V., Queens Eleanor and Philippa, Edward III, and others. But of all these dumb memorials of departed greatness, real or factitious, none will command a warmer reverence than the effigy of the great duke of Argyle taking his accustomed after-dinner nap just before being led to execution. The crowned men and women that slumber about him sink into littleness besides such an uncrowned king, because he was an unconquerable man. But not all of England's poets and heroes have found their resting place in the world-renowned Westminster Abbey. To Byron's dust was denied a place among kindred bards and forgotten bardings, and Wordsworth chose rather to be buried in the humble churchyard of his own Grasmere beside his household kindred. Shakespeare, Southey, Scott, and Burns, also lie

far away, among scenes that they loved, though to them, too, are there to be found memorial tributes on the abbey's walls. The great men of the kingdom who have rendered conspicuous service, whether in arms or arts, are well represented among these monuments: Chapman, Pitt, and Fox, Wolfe, Howe, and André, Handel, Garrick, and Sheridan. Among the most recent interments have been those of Livingstone, Dickens, and Maurice.

The Chapel of Henry VII is noted for its exquisite interior finish in carved work and tracery. Of this the author of the "Sketch Book" wrote in his characteristically happy vein: "The very walls were wrought into universal ornament incrustated with tracery and scooped into niches crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cabinet." Here lie the remains of England's later royalty. Here lie together the royal founder of the chapel and his queen, severally the last representatives of the divided houses of York and Lancaster, and here are Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Mary (the "bloody"), and the little princess murdered in the Tower. It was in the famous "Jerusalem Chamber" of this chapel that the renowned Westminster Assembly held its protracted sessions.

As in many other things Westminster Abbey is an epitome of all England, so its history is inseparably interwoven with that of the English people and nation. In its founder, St. Sibert, it is identified with the times of the Heptarchy, when England was all Saxon, and it enjoyed the quiet of those primitive times for more than three hundred years. But in common with most other things it suffered greatly from the Danish invaders, who razed it to the earth. But it was rebuilt by King Edgar in 958, and two hundred years later it was rebuilt with large additions and adornment and filled with monks from Exeter. It was about this time constituted by Pope Nicholas II the

place for the coronation of the kings of England, now constituted one kingdom, a regulation which has been sacredly observed. In the thirteenth century (1220-69), King Henry thoroughly reconstructed the already venerable Abbey in a style of great beauty and magnificence; and a little later, during the reigns of Edward II and III and of Richard II, most of the accessory buildings were added. The splendid west front with its great window was built by Richard III and Henry VII, and the latter commenced, but did not live to finish, the great chapel which bears his name. In 1540, when the monastic orders throughout the kingdom were suppressed by Henry VIII, the abbey was dissolved and changed into a bishopric, but Elizabeth (in 1560) changed it to its present status, a collegiate church. The abbey suffered very greatly during the spoliation in the times of Henry VIII, and still more during the civil war, when it was for a time used as a barracks by the parliamentary army; and the usual ruin caused by the occupation of such lodgers was vastly augmented by the religious zeal of the Roundheads, who believed they were performing a meritorious service in destroying what they esteemed the monuments of idolatry. After the restoration of the monarchy, Sir Christopher Wren was charged with the restoration of the venerable abbey, which duty he performed with consummate skill and ability, and, in fact, he added very much to both its beauty and solidity. The great west window and the western towers were rebuilt during the reigns of the first and second Georges.

But such a structure as this, or rather collection of structures, can never be said to be finished, and each reign leaves its impress on this venerable pile. During the reign of Queen Victoria many of the windows have been thoroughly repaired and painted over. The south or "marigold" window, designed in 1847, represents a variety of Old Testament subjects and also incidents in the life of Christ, and has as a principal feature the word JEHOVAH surrounded by figures of angels. The north or "rose" window is made up of figures and scenes illustrative

of Christ, the twelve apostles, and the four evangelists. Indeed, the work of reconstruction and renewing never ceases, and at all times, there are at work upon it a large number of architects and skilled painters and illuminators; and as one wanders among the aisles and cloisters and arcades, he is continually meeting with companies of skilled workmen repairing and renewing the work, and giving to the production of long centuries ago the bright and sharp outlines of modern art.

And yet with all its artistic splendor the interior of Westminster Abbey is very far from being a pleasant place. Externally, as seen in the clear light and air of heaven, it is at once grand and beautiful. Its atmosphere is literally damp and chilling, and the whole air seems to have the peculiar odor of the crypt. And then all its associations are of the most somber character, speaking continually in funereal tones and calling, silently, indeed, but most impressively, *memento more*. To adopt the language of Washington Irving, it is a "vast assembly of sepulchers," and "a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion." Here more closely than any where else, one *feels* the force of Gray's sad questionings,

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the cold, dull ear of death?"

Writing of this abbey one of the poets of the age of Elizabeth, yielding to its influence, expresses his feelings in language at once tender and serene:

"When I behold with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how they resort,
Living in brass or stony monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorts,
Do I not see reformed nobility,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And look upon offenseless majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a naked stone
Contents the silent, now, and silent sprites,
When all the world, which late they stood upon,
Could not content, nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicities,
And death the thaw of all our vanities."

And yet there is something instructive and even pleasantly suggestive in this bring-

ing together, in the common chamber of death, kings and subjects, warriors and peacemakers, and men and women of the most dissimilar pursuits, and in many instances of the most intense antagonisms. This thought is finely expressed by Canon Kingsley, when he remarks: "The sepulchral chapels built by Henry III and Henry VII might have stood alone in their glory; no meaner dust need ever have mingled with the dust of Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Guelphs. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the kings of England, that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the council of the nation and the courts of law have pressed into the palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulcher of the kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honor after their death. We are sometimes inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent kings, with Chatham gesticulating from the northern transept, or Pitt, from the western door, or Shakespeare leaning on his column in Poets' Corner, or Wolfe, expiring by the chapel of St. John."

But great and imposing, and historically renowned, as is the famous old abbey, it is only one, though the most considerable, of celebrated structures of Westminster, two others of which, Westminster Hall and Westminster School, will be briefly noticed. The former of these is a beautiful and venerable structure, founded by William Rufus, in 1097, but rebuilt by Richard II, who, in 1399, kept his Christmas here with great magnificence. The great hall is said to be the largest single apartment, unsupported by pillars, in Europe, being two hundred and seventy long, seventy-four feet wide, and ninety feet high. The roof, of chestnut wood, is very curiously constructed, and adorned with angels supporting shields. On the stone frieze below the windows are various sculptures of a hart couchant and other devices of its second royal founder. This hall was originally designed for royal banquets and

entertainments, and here the coronations have been held for ages. It was, however, from an early date, used for courts of justice, in which, sometimes, the sovereign himself presided; and the ancient stone bench on which he was accustomed to sit is said to be yet in existence under the pavement at the upper end of the hall. The lineal descendant of that court is still known as the *court of the king's bench*. Here are tried all cases of parliamentary impeachment, and within these walls have occurred those famous state trials which form so large and so sad a feature of the history of the realm. Here were tried and condemned the Wallace and Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, the Earl of Strafford, and soon afterwards Charles I, under whose signature the unhappy earl had been sacrificed. Here, too, in later times, took place the trials of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, for bigamy, and Warren Hastings, and Lords Byron, Ferrers, and Melville. The last coronation dinner given at this place was that of George IV.

Westminster school is perhaps as old as the church itself. It was at an early date "allocated" to the monastery of Benedictines, which anciently formed the nucleus of the city itself, to which belonged the abbey

church and contiguous buildings. The school is still within the precincts of the abbey, though it is largely independent of its control. Its present foundation dates from the reign of Elizabeth, who, in 1560, re-established the dean and chapter, and rendered the church collegiate. There were at first to be forty scholars supported on the queen's foundation, but forty others, called king's scholars, have since been added, and in later times many others, the sons of the nobility and gentry, have been educated here for the universities, at the expense of their friends; and among its scholars have been not a few that have become distinguished in public life. Its rank as a school at the present time is equal to the very best in the kingdom, having only such others as Rugby and Eton and Harrow as its rivals.

Other buildings, each with its history and associations, must be passed by unnoticed. Here is the chapel of St. Blaise, the cloisters, the chapter-house (used as a record office), chapel of the Pix, and other ancient parts of the Benedictine monastery connected with the abbey church, all quite worthy of notice. In the old chapter-house has long been preserved the celebrated "Domesday Book" of William the Conqueror, still in good preservation.

RECONCILIATION.

RECONCILIATION is the renewal of friendship between those who had been alienated and at enmity. It is only by a figure of speech that the word reconciliation can be used concerning God and man, as we use it between man and man. God is infinite and unchanging in his being and his perfections. Man is through sin alienated from God, and is at enmity with God; but in God there is no enmity, except as holiness is opposed to sin, and then God is said to be angry with the wicked every day. God is love; his essential unchanging nature is love; his thoughts are thoughts ever of peace and good will. It is on man's part alone that a change or alteration has to be made.

The reconciliation is all on one side. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." This is the Gospel, or "the word of reconciliation."

It is wonderful condescension in God thus to apply the terms and ideas of human life to the relations in which we as sinners stand to him, to use the appeals and arguments and explanations common among men. It is wonderful that he designs to represent his mind as hurt by the enmity and alienation of man; his heart, like that of a father to

rebellious children, still yearning with affection, and earnestly inviting to peace and reconciliation. It was for this that Christ came into the world and died on the cross, and it is for this that the Gospel, the word of reconciliation, is proclaimed. "Now then," saith the apostle, "we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." The words of the text present in one brief statement all the main truths of the Gospel, the leading doctrines of grace. Man's sinfulness is affirmed. The word "trespass" refers to something forbidden by authority; and against the law of God we have all trespassed. The consequences of sin are also declared, the word "imputing" giving us the idea of a reckoning to which we are liable, on account of our trespasses, in the great day of judgment. But we are further taught that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them"—God, in his mercy and love, being willing to pass by iniquity and transgression and sin, willing not to enter into judgment with all men—else none could be saved—but to pardon and forgive men their trespasses.

This could not, however, be done by a bare act of pardon, and a simple overlooking of transgression. This would not be consistent with the idea of divine justice, or with the moral government of God. It is only through Christ the Redeemer that mercy and salvation could come to sinful men. For this the Son of God became incarnate. For this he was made a sin-offering, in order that our trespasses should not be imputed to us. He came to finish transgression and make an end of sin, and make atonement for iniquity. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

But reconciliation implies more than removing the barrier which the guilt of man had raised between him and God, between him and heaven. The sinner has to be not only restored to favor, but restoration to the likeness and image of God is also necessary.

Heaven would be no place of happiness to an unrenewed nature. The dislike of God's law, the alienation from God, the distaste for all the feelings and occupations of the heavenly state might remain. The spirit of man's mind has to be renewed, as well as his guilt and condemnation removed. By his death on the cross the Savior opened the gate of heaven to all believers. But without change of heart, salvation is no finished work so far as each individual is concerned. To effect this change from alienation to friendship, from enmity to love, the ministry of reconciliation is provided. To carry out in the hearts of men the great purpose of redeeming love, Christ, by his Spirit, is ever working, and the word of reconciliation—the Gospel of the grace of God—is proclaimed.

It is the message of God's love to man. When we are made to feel our lost state, and believe that Christ came into the world and died to save us, doth not the love of Christ constrain us to love him who first loved us? There is in the Gospel a moral power to influence the feelings and the heart. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." When these words sink into the heart they do not remain dead letters there, but become the seeds of wondering admiration, of grateful praise, of humble faith, of dutiful obedience. The Gospel is, in short, "the word of reconciliation." Oh, may this, its character, be known more in our experience! May our minds be brought more into harmony with the divine will, our hearts reconciled, and restored to true friendship and communion with God. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

IN THE CANOE.

"WHAT will he do with it?" so asks the story-teller, and then in his effort to answer he spins out a very readable tale. Now the subject of that inquiry was that very troublesome and slippery substance money, and I may say most confidently should some sensible millionaire do an act so praiseworthy as to put the writer hereof down in a codicil of his will for one hundred thousand dollars, and then quickly "shuffle off—" etc., I should not long deliberate as to its disposal. I would—but never mind that—it is a dim and distant contingency at best, while here was a treasure in hand waiting for disposal.

One Summer evening, some time near the middle of July, 18—, I was in consultation with my "Official Board," on sundry matters of business pertaining to the interests of the Church, when a member, apparently under powerful emotion, his eyes resting on my haggard phiz (I had just removed the forest from my face, giving it a remarkable resemblance to a hatchet), moved that the pastor have a vacation of four weeks; carried unanimously. I paused a moment before returning thanks, hoping that a slight amendment might be suggested, namely, "and that his traveling expenses be paid by the Church;" but in the hurry of the moment this was overlooked, and I therefore accepted the boon with my best bow.

"What will he do with it?" All the night following I discussed the great question how to secure the most profit with the least outlay of dollars and cents. It would be so pleasant to re-visit some former fields of labor, to look again upon familiar scenes, and greet old friends; but this will involve incessant talk, while the Sabbaths would not be days of rest, but toil.

"Go to the sea-side!" but I have had enough of that, east winds, cold fogs, seven by nine sleeping rooms, "in which go living things innumerable, both small and great."

"Go to the West!" but the thought of cars crammed with sweltering humanity,

choking dust, grab meals and squalling babies expelled that thought at once.

"Go to the woods?" that struck me with great force—the woods. I confess to a strong passion for forest scenes, "God's first temples." The happiest days of my boyhood were those spent in the "pathless woods," with my gun or rod, my ears filled with the music of nature, the chattering of the squirrel, the note of the wild bird, the industrious drumming of the woodpecker, the murmur of countless insects, the locust "rasping mysterious silence." O, that was pleasure. So I decided to go to the woods. But where? that was a question not so easily answered. The Adirondack is a wild region, but too common; like Milton's muse, I was determined on no common flight. "John Brown's tract" had strong attractions, but I fear I shall find too many tourists watching for a glimpse of the old hero's "soul marching on."

I would go somewhere beyond the possibility of hearing the hail every few hours, "Waal, stranger, what luck?" And then on returning, when recounting your perilous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, to be met by the cool reply, "Yes, I remember that," or "we ran on to that same rock." So I will go where you have not been, my ubiquitous friend.

So I packed my valise, and started for Bangor, on the Penobscot River, in Maine, where I have been told, and have no reason to doubt it, I first "drew my infant breath." I had twice essayed this same excursion, the first time foiled by the remark of an old lumberman, "O, ye'er too airly by a month, the black flies and skeeters'el eat ye up." The next time, the guide we had depended upon had planned a little expedition of his own; would be glad to take us along; but could we stand it, first a wagon ride of forty-five miles over what could hardly be called a road, and then a march of fifteen miles through the woods with canoe, tent, and provisions strapped to our backs? I

modestly shrank from the kind invitation. On arriving at Bangor, I found my friend P—, a go-ahead young merchant of that city, ready "to go in." The first necessity on such an expedition is a reliable guide, one acquainted with all the sinuosities of river navigation and familiar with woodcraft and cuisine. Mr. P. was engaged in Winter in lumbering operations, and his store-chamber was a well-stocked arsenal of lumbering material. There were tents, blankets, kettles, axes, setting-poles, paddles, iron spoons, tin cups, and rusty knives and forks. We had only to select.

P. started out to find a guide he had in mind, and soon returned with Captain John Ross, a thick set, keen-eyed knight of the "order of the Pine-tree." John had been over every rod of the river so often that he could sit down and draw an outline of it from its source far north of Moosehead Lake to the tide waters at Bangor. We engaged him for the round trip. Now a birch canoe must be had. Captain John is dispatched to Oldtown Indian village to procure one, returning before night with a beauty, just finished, and not yet wet. It was in length thirteen feet, and in width about two and a half in the center, and fifteen inches in depth. These beautiful specimens of Indian skill are constructed of the bark of the yellow birch stripped whole from the tree, and the inner side exposed to the water. Cedar strips of two inches in width and a quarter of an inch in thickness, placed close together, form the flooring, bent up and the ends confined to the gunwale, a strip of ash or cedar, by tough thread-like roots of the spruce tree. Light, frail, but graceful, they present the poetry of navigation. An Indian will enter the trackless forest, and, with an axe, knife, and an awl will construct a canoe such as no skilled naval architect can match, so light that he will toss it upon his head and stride away through tangled thicket and sinking bogs, five miles an hour, and yet so strong as to carry safely hundreds of pounds of merchandise through the rough navigation of our rivers.

Our next work is selecting our outfit of

tent, paddles, axes, and cooking utensils; and then, laying in a store of provisions—for we dare not depend upon rod and gun for supplies. We laid in salt pork, hard-bread, ten, chocolate, salt, pepper, and sugar, with a good supply of ammunition for rifle and shot-gun, fish lines, and hooks.

And now we are off for Moosehead Lake, sixty-five miles from Bangor; thence we intend to follow the noble Penobscot, the west branch of which sweeps round the head of the lake, back to our point of departure, one hundred and eighty-five miles.

The first twenty-five miles by cars to Newport, and the remaining forty by stage, are accomplished by a little past sunset, and we are at the foot of the finest sheet of water in Maine. Our birch is taken from the top of the stage all right, and we find a good hotel, the landlord of which was very glad to see us, promising in the morning to take us up the lake in his magnificent steamer, *Lady of the Lake*, advertised to run on alternate days to Mount Kineo, half way up, and the head of the lake, forty miles.

An early breakfast, and then the ringing of the bell tells us steam is up and the steamer ready. A few minutes only, and before us lay the lower portion of this beautiful sheet of water, embosomed in mountains and embowered in lofty pines and dark hemlocks. This is indeed the "forest primeval." From the borders of the lake the dark evergreens rise and stretch back in the distance, while away in the east Old and Young Squaw Mountains lift their rounded brows high above the surrounding hills. Noon brought us to Mount Kineo, half way to the head of the lake. This is a glorious spot for the naturalist. The mountain rises some six hundred feet on the eastern side of the lake, its western slope running out some half mile, from which point you ascend gradually to the apex, when you are suddenly brought to a stand. If you have the nerve you can stand on the edge of this cliff and look down six hundred feet to the water—a wall of rock, perfectly smooth and perpendicular.

At some period in the past a mighty convulsion split this mountain in twain, and

the eastern portion sank, forming a bay of a half mile across, and of such depth that no soundings have ever yet been found, so they say. A low, marshy peninsula, over which the waters flow in the Spring-time, separates this bay from the southern portion of the lake, connecting the southern slope, where stands the hotel, with the main-land on the east.

Here commenced our canoe navigation. Captain John soon had our craft loaded, and called "all ready." P. stepped into the bow, and settled down; she lies by the shore; Captain J. steadies her, and then instructs me as to the manner of getting on board, as that is a "fine art." Mounting a young horse the first time is nothing to this feat. She is as cranky as an egg-shell. "Step into the water with your right foot, face the bow; now lift your left over the gunwale, put it carefully down on the bottom; steady; keep the whole weight of your body on your right leg. Now, with a quick movement, change the weight from right to left; lift your right over the edge, set it down, stoop and grasp the gunwales, and drop into the bottom. All right," said Captain J.; "very well for a first attempt." With our baggage and live freight we brought the gunwales of our birch down to within five inches of the water. We pushed off, and started to paddle round the point into the bay, where we intended spending the night. A pull of five miles, and we, rounding the northern end of the island, swept into this beautiful retreat. Paddling close under the beetling cliff, we had a fine view of the face of the mountain, running sheer up six hundred feet, almost as smooth as hammered stone. Under this cliff is a spot called pulpit rock, a huge mass, which, splitting off above, lodged here, affording the only landing-place for a long distance. This is a famous spot for trout-fishing, and we found a company here from the hotel. They had caught a few splendid fellows, and we all joined in the sport. We, however, had a higher motive than sport; supper was in view, pork and hard tack, or fried trout. We ran out from twenty to thirty feet of line; no bottom here, and waited. I felt

him take hold, sharp as a horse-mackerel. "Ha! there you have him," the company shouted. I pulled, my rod bent like a whip-stock; he was coming. I looked around to find a chance to land a ten-pounder. He was yielding. I had no reel, and could not play him; the only way was to bring him steadily in. Suddenly something gave way; he was gone! My hook, though a stout Limerick, had snapped short off. My companion was more fortunate, for he landed one which served us for both supper and breakfast.

We had sent Captain J. up to the north side of the mount, where the land declined gradually to the water, to select a spot and pitch the tent; and now as the sun was setting, the little birch came dancing round the point, and embarking, we soon found ourselves in "Camp Experiment." Our tent was a shed-tent, of course open in front, but a roaring fire was burning, which, while I kept mosquitoes at a distance, sent a bright light all through our house.

"Supper's ready," soon greeted us, and we hurried to the log! Fried trout, pork, and hard bread, with a cup of chocolate, which neither cheers nor inebriates. Supper over, pipes were filled (this was before the time when Methodist preachers were required to *eschew* the weed), and throwing ourselves upon the sweet spruce boughs the captain had gathered for our bed, we discussed our future operations.

I had never slept in the open air, had a sore throat, and, of course, as the wind blew off the lake rather chilly, I lay down on my portion of boughs, drew my blanket over me, and was anxiously thinking what I should do, if to-morrow I should be down with a fever, when suddenly I was aroused by a yell that seemed to come from the center of the mountain, and echoed far across the glassy lake—"breakfast is ready." The voice was Captain John's. I looked out; the sun shone brightly, but I forgot all about the sore throat.

This morning we are packed up, ready to take the steamer for the head of the lake; we embark to intercept her at noon. Paddling round the point, we lay on our pad-

dles (not oars) and wait. There she comes, and we get out of this cockle-shell and stand again on deck. Three hours' run through this magnificent sheet of water, and we slack up, not land, for there is no wharf, though there was one when lumbering was brisk here; but nothing remained but the piles and some stringers on which we must crawl to the shore. A brisk breeze had sprung up; and a high sea was rolling in, so that landing was not so easy, but it was accomplished at last, with a little wetting.

Between the head of the lake and the west branch of the Penobscot River is a distance of three miles across a gentle swell of land, and to facilitate the transportation of supplies for the lumbermen, a railroad had been constructed of wooden rails, laid upon logs and between the rails, floored with small round poles for the locomotive to travel on whenever it became necessary to raise the road above the level of the ground. The car was a platform with broad rimmed, and flanged wheels, and in the days of its prime must have done excellent service. As we drew near the landing I had heard P. say, "the locomotive is on this side;" but I looked in vain for it on landing until it was pointed out to me quietly chewing its *quid* under the shade of a bush; it was an old *blind ox*, which the engineer informed me had *walked* the road for eight years. He said he came over on steamboat days, as there was often some little freight by which he could "make a quarter."

Our "plunder" was piled upon the car, and leaving me as conductor and general superintendent, the other passengers started off on foot, easily outstripping our machine of one ox power. The engineer—and I promised him that his name should be immortalized—Joel Gilmore, had been on this road since its first opening, never met with a serious accident, no life was ever lost on his road, "No, sir," and "never failed to make the connections."

It was wonderful to watch this poor blind ox carefully stepping on his uncertain footing, by some strange instinct, marking and avoiding the holes by stepping upon the rails. "He knows all the holes, sir; he

does," said Joel. As the last half of the way was a down grade, I added to my offices that of brakeman. A stout lever was thrust through the floor, and one end pressed against the wheel to check the motion. A run of an hour and a half accomplished the three miles, and we found ourselves on the bank of the river. A log house, with wide bunks running the whole length of the room, constituted the hotel. We were in haste to embark, and so did not try the "table d' hôte." We found here four Cambridge students on their way to Caribou Lake, moose hunting, with two birches and guides, and we all launched our barks and started together. The first five or six miles was dead water; dark and sluggish, the water of this upper Penobscot rolled on between its banks, covered to the water's edge with pine and spruce, flinging the sombre shadows upon the glassy stream. Here was solitude; no sounds but the regular dip of the paddles of the guides as they propelled the graceful birches over the smooth surface of the stream. No clatter of saw-mills, O Murray; no neighing of lumbermen's steed, but Adirondack silence!

Our companions soon left us, turning into the outlet of Caribou Lake, and, as the darkness began to gather about us, Captain John put in the strokes more vigorously in order to make our camp before dark. Somewhere below us, he said, was a camp occupied by river-divers, and if we could reach it it would save us the trouble of pitching our tent. After a run of five or six miles John ran into the shore though we could see no sign of a camp, stepped out, pushed apart the thick undergrowth, and disappeared. In a few moments we heard his shout, "all right;" we unfolded our legs, and drawing the birch upon the shore, passed through the bushes up the bank, and sure enough there was a fine log camp, with benches, tables, and sleeping-room for twenty men. A fire was soon blazing in the fire-place, the luggage brought in, and, while Captain John was preparing supper, we busied ourselves in plucking fresh spruce boughs for beds. The mosquitoes were our only pests.

By sunrise we are off again, and soon

reach quick water, and found, as Captain John had told us, the water very low, and as we were so deeply loaded it was a delicate task to guide the birch among the rocks, of which the bed of the river was a perfect mass. Twice I had to disembark in the middle of the river and make my way down the rocky banks. Noon brought us to the beautiful Chesuncook, the first of ten or eleven lakes we must pass through ere our voyage is ended. This splendid sheet of water lies north and south, apparently across the course of the river, which is from west to east, entering the lake about three miles from its head and leaving it at its foot. It is sixteen miles in length, and of an average breadth of five miles, is nine hundred feet above the tide-water at Bangor, with a surface of twenty-two square miles—about the size of the Sea of Galilee, say the Biblical geographers. Some farms have been cleared here; a log-house or two, occupied in the haying season, and then left to the Winter solitudes; the hay is for the lumbermen. We pitched our tent on the shore of the lake, and then went up to the house and procured such civilized luxuries as milk and potatoes.

Next we proceed down this grand, solitary sheet of water and over a half-mile carry into Ripogenus Lake, some three miles in width. It was windy and the sea rose, dashing into our frail ship, and then it came on to rain, so that we went into camp in a drenched condition. A rousing fire, blankets hung up to dry, a rasher of salt pork, and a tin-cup of strong tea made it all pleasant. I had been repeatedly reminded by my associate that the Ripogenus Carry was ahead, and supposed it all chaff. Here we are at the foot of the lake, and the reality is before us. We prepare dinner on the shore, and then walk around the point to get a view of the rapids. Looking sheer down sixty feet we see the rush of the waters. Compressed into a narrow gorge, which the waters for ages have been cutting through the solid rocks, the mad current thunders on for some three miles around the base of a mountain. No living man has ever made the passage of that terrible gorge. All the

logs cut on the Upper Penobscot must be run through that fearful pass; but as this is done at high water, they usually rush through without impediment. 'But once,' said our guide, 'I was driving the river, and the water was low, so that the head of some of the bowlders you see there were near the surface. We opened the boom and let them in, on they rushed until a large log struck a rock, swung round, and stopped. In an instant hundreds were upon it, and still it held trembling under the terrible pressure. In a few moments the whole drive was piled up to a height of fifty feet, and there it hung. We waited and hoped that the rise of water by the dam would force them over, but in vain. No man would venture out upon that quivering mass to cut that log upon which the whole rested. But it must be done, or the drive be hung up until the Fall rains should raise the water. I found a man whom I could trust, tied a strong rope around him under his arms, put a good ax into his hands, then selecting six men for the task, and took our stand just there as you see over that huge rock, and shouting into his ear my directions, told them to lower away. The men actually turned pale as he swung off over that boiling pit. He must cut off that log on which the jam rested. I stood by the rope and watched him as he slowly descended, and kept one eye on the shaking mass. At last his feet struck the end of the log nearest the shore, and then as we slacked away he crept out to the rock, and, turning his back from the jam, raised his ax; it came down upon the upper side of the log and in an instant it snapped in two, and the whole mass started. He sprang into the air, and with a rush was drawn to the bank; but he lost his ax. But it's time we were moving, if we get over this carry to-day.'

It is Saturday, and we are anxious to get over this the longest, and by all odds, as we found it, the hardest carry on the river, and get into camp to rest over the Sabbath. Captain John must make two trips which will be a tramp of twelve miles. He takes the canoe, turns it over on his head, a cross piece resting on his back; then we lug the

cooking utensils on the cross-bars, and off he goes. P—— and I then take the tent and as much of the baggage as we can carry, and follow on. Such a "tote road" I had not dreamed of—rocks, logs, bushes, gulches, and up-hill for half the distance. It was a hot day in the last week in July, and one wanted both hands to brush off black flies and mosquitoes; but our hands were needed to steady our loads. We toiled on, longing for a cool draught of water. "Two miles," said P——, "and we shall find a spring." Ah, cold water, what a luxury we thought, as we sat by that spring bathing our throbbing temples and sipping the nectar! There comes John; he has been across, and is now returning for the remainder. We hear the roar of the rushing water, and come suddenly to the bank of the river. "Here's the camping-ground," says P——, as we burst through the underbrush and emerge into a beautiful grassy dell. How strange that vegetation and humanity keep pace with one another! Over all these old camping-grounds of these "river-drivers" a beautiful carpet of green grass is spread, even where fodder for cattle has not been transported; they must have shaken grass seed out of their hair. In some of the old camps we occupied on that excursion we found something else shaken out of their hair that was n't grass seed!

Our tent was soon pitched, and now we are thinking of something to eat. Not a trout since we left Moosehead, not a partridge or duck brought down. Game was scarce, and why? The "drive" had but just gone down, and two hundred men yelling along the river for three months has any thing but a quieting effect upon bird or beast. The brown bear is the only animal that lingers around these old camps, picking up the bones and offal left by the crews. He will steal upon the camp at night, and if a barrel of pork is outside, with one blow of his paw he will smash in the head and be off into the swamp with a round of pork while the men are rubbing their eyes. I am going down to the falls to try for a trout, but on looking around find nothing for bait. I did not start for a fishing tour, so I had not

a fly in my pocket, and my rod was a small maple which I cut at Moosehead and had brought on with me. Our pork was on the other side of the "carry," and not a worm could I find. Here's a pair of old blue pants which have been cast aside by some "driver." I tear off a piece as near the shape of a worm as I could bring it, it had the motion in itself, put it on my hook and started for the river. Taking my stand on the shore where the water went rushing by all white with foam, I unwound a good scope of line, and with a grand sweep swung the rag far into the boiling current. The moment the breeches struck the water a trout took the hook, and I threw him up two rods on to the beach. I stood there and pulled out eighteen of these beauties, weighing from a half to a pound each. We had trout for supper, trout all Sunday, and carried off a fine string Monday morning over the stern of our canoe.

We are now circling round the base of Mount Katahdin, which rises four thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, and presents the appearance of a grand Titanic fortification. This, the highest land in Maine, must have been, before the great ice period, ten or twelve thousand feet in altitude. The wholsummit has been evidently swept off, ground up, and carried off in a south-easterly direction, strewing the way with boulders of all shapes and sizes, from its base to Calais and Eastport. We do not find granite boulders in or on the banks of the river from Moosehead Lake to Abol, but the common schist and iron stone. But as soon as we strike a line south-east of this mountain range, we are in a bed of broken granite. I have found it all the way to the St. Croix. The forest trees are rooted in beds of broken granite, the vast glaciers of that period passing down from the north-west against this vast rocky barrier, breaking it up and scattering it along its fearful pathway. The top of the mountain is a level of a mile from west to east, its front gushed and scarred by immense land slides.

We could not stop to make the ascent, but pushed on past Sourdnaunk stream, which here enters the main river by a grace-

ful slide over a ledge at its mouth of twenty feet in depth. It is a pleasant excitement to sit in a birch and rush through these rapids and over these cascades with the waters boiling around you, and now and then rushing in over the gunwale, and then, thinking that should you strike a hidden rock, your frail skiff would be gone at once. But John was at home in a canoe and knew every rock in the river. At one point we saw a bark camp where a couple of Cambridge students passed a night who just before our visit undertook the mad enterprise of purchasing a birch at Moosehead and running to Bangor alone. Some distance below this camp they wrecked their canoe on some rapids, lost every thing they had, swam ashore, and found their way out on foot, nearly starved.

We glide by Abol-jackanagus where two fine streams come in from the foot of Katahdin, and where I have spent a week in camp for five successive years since this trip of observation. Such trout fishing as is found at this location is not equaled by any locality on the river.

Abol carry is about a half a mile, then through Dipakeneag dead water to the rapids, where the river falls a hundred feet in the course of a half mile. Here is another portage, over which as I trudged on I saw a fresh moose track but just left in the soft soil; through Noewockunus Lake, and we haul up at Boom House in a pouring rain. This is a solitary log house built by the "Log-driving Company," where all passers may call and stop as long as they please, without charge, only shut the door when leaving. Many a night have I spent there with my jovial *compères* since that first visit.

Lying on my bed of boughs, peering out through the opening in the roof, waiting for the rain to cease, I got my first and last view of that singular specimen of ornithology the "American Cross-bill," a bird about the size of a robin, with mandibles that cross each other, so that when closed the points curl up on opposite sides a half inch or more. It feeds on the seeds of the pine cone, and this peculiar formation of the bill enables it to press open the cells of the

cone and take out the seeds with its barbed tongue. Of course Mr. Darwin would say "its bill was originally straight, and became crossed by its efforts to do what only such a bill could do." Very likely, just as an ape's ears were elongated by its efforts to hear distinctly. Great is philosophy! Some half-dozen of these little fellows were perched upon the edge of the roof peering down upon us and chattering with great glee; but often as I have since visited that region I have never seen another.

Rain, rain. P——got desperate; he would start on foot; he hustled around to pick up a supply of provisions, etc. "Go," said Captain John; "but you'll leave your carcass in the woods, you'll never get out alive." I raised my head from my pillow of boughs and said, "Go, ingrate; give us a lock of your hair as a memento of your baseness; and if you by any ill luck reach home, tell our friends that you abandoned your companions storm-bound in the desert and saved yourself." "Take the hatchet, John; lay the fellow's head on the log yonder, and cut off a lock of his bristles; and don't be particular where you hit, but strike hard, John." And I settled myself to sleep again.

By noon the rain ceased, and we paddled through the Lake Umbegegias, through the run Jack-cheat-us, and into the beautiful Pumadumcook, a lake eight miles in length, by two in breadth. The river enters it near its eastern terminus, and leaves a mile below. At this point, and just in the quick water as it rushes out of the lake, lie three huge granite boulders, at about equal distance from each other, and resembling abutments, from which a bridge had been swept away. It is difficult to believe that they are not placed there by design.

Down we rush into the North-twin Lake, a companion of the South-twin, each of about three square miles of surface, and joined by a narrow passage, and quite a fall at this lower pitch of water. As we approached, it looked rough, and, I wished my heavy rubber overcoat was under instead of on me. "Steady, now," said John; "she'll go over like a duck." On we drove, and as the birch tipped on the crest of the fall, she struck a

rock and stuck fast. "Sit still," shouted John, his paddle keeping her from swinging and rolling over. Quick as a flash he changed the paddle for the setting-pole, and standing erect, he threw his weight upon the pole and slid her back against the current, when, letting her go, she shot over in fine style. We haul up at the dam-house, a substantial building of squared timber, with glass windows, and sleeping-bunks with fly nettings, and a cook-stove. Here, between two high bluffs, between which all the outflow of this great range of lakes rushes in a wild madness, a dam has been constructed, some five hundred feet in length and twenty feet in height, with a passage for logs, and a dozen large water-gates. It is owned and kept in repair by a corporation, which lays a small tax upon the timber passing annually down the river. Its object is to store the water above, so as to have a supply to float the logs over the rapids between this point and the terminus of the drive at the booms at Oldtown.

The operations commence as soon as the ice breaks up in the streams, about the middle of April, and this point will be reached towards the latter part of July; by that time the water has fallen so as greatly to impede the run from here to the booms, and frequently the drive would be hung up on the rapids below. This dam obviates that difficulty. Closing the sluice-way and the gates, the water is raised in all the lower lakes from ten to twelve feet, an immense mass of water. Now, when the vast mass of logs is finally gathered in the lake above the dam, the sluice-way, some twenty feet in width, is opened, and the logs turned in as fast as scores of men can do it; down they thunder over the rapids into Quakish, the last lake below, and then the gates are opened, and the great pent-up floods rush through, driving every thing before them, while the great structure shakes under the mighty concussion; and such is the body of water discharged, that the river, for a distance of eighty miles below, is raised five or six feet, sweeping the mass of timber to its destination.

Breakfast on the round table, and then a

walk of three quarters of a mile, when we take the canoe, which Captain John has run down the rapids into the Quakish. Three miles brings us to our last carry of two miles across to Fowler's, on the Millinocket, then running two miles, we shoot into Shad Bay, where we again meet the main river.

It is now near sunset, and we are anxious to reach the settlement at Nickaton, and find letters from home, and learn if General M'Clellan has taken Richmond, or are the rebels in Washington? John says, so low is the water, and so deeply is the birch laden, that we can not run the rapids with safety. Can you run her down alone, John? He thought he could. Go, then; we'll walk, it is but six miles. A shower was rising. We were now at Tom Fowler's, the last house before coming into the settlement. Off we pushed, and as we reached the woods the shower struck us. The lightning and thunder were terrific, and the rain poured in torrents. A rough road led through the woods, and soon in places the sloughs were half leg deep. It was so dark that nothing could be seen but by the flashes of lightning. On we plod, P. first, and I keeping as near as possible. It was the most memorable march of my life. Two awful hours, and P. shouts, "A light." It was Reeds, on the hill opposite Nickaton. We staggered up to the door, more dead than alive. I have tramped over that same road eight times since, but I never go through but I think of that night with a shudder.

The woman of the house would n't hear of her husband's setting us across until the shower was over, which still blared and thundered as though old Katakhdin was giving us a parting salute. We urged in vain our wet, hungry condition. "Man killed here last week by lightning; he ain't going." So we waited perforce. At the hotel at last, and there sat Captain John Before a blazing fire, as serene as a judge.

Our run down to Oldtown, of twenty miles, was accomplished in a day and a half, where we sold our canoe for what we paid for it, and our canoe voyage of twelve days and one hundred and eighty miles was ended.

JOHN HOWE.

THERE are few names among the Puritan divines more honored than that of John Howe, whose writings are still regarded as standards worthy of a place in all theological schools. So highly were they esteemed by a distinguished professor that he said, "A young minister who wishes to obtain eminence in his profession, if he has not the works of John Howe, and can obtain them in no other way, should sell his coat and buy them; and if this will not suffice, let him sell his bed and lie on the floor; and if he spends his days in reading them he will not complain that he lies hard at night." Dr. Chalmers said, "Howe is my favorite author; I think that he is the first of the Puritan divines." Quotations could easily be multiplied of an equally laudatory character from the writings of Mr. Wesley and others, but space forbids. We propose to give an outline of this worthy man's career.

John Howe was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Loughborough, England, May 17, 1630. His father held the living in that parish under the famous Archbishop Laud, who took umbrage at some of the zealous teachings of the Puritan vicar, and forthwith in a most summary manner dismissed him, notwithstanding that his parishioners were all attached to him.

The troublous times in which he lived, and the precarious support which his father received, placed young Howe in very disadvantageous circumstances for acquiring such an education as his father wished him to obtain. But being naturally of an inquiring turn of mind and having his father's instructions to guide him, he succeeded in obtaining a collegiate course, and was a fellow student with the famous Cudworth, at Cambridge University.

In due time he became minister, first in Lancashire and then in Devonshire, in both of which he distinguished himself as a faithful expounder of the Word of God, and was useful in the grand work of saving souls. He was abundant in labors. One of his bi-

ographers gives the following account of the manner in which he conducted fast-day services, which we suppose many of our readers will regard as almost incredible. The biographer gives the account as he received it from Mr. Howe himself. "He began about nine in the morning with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day, afterwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters, then prayed for about half an hour. After this he retired and took some little refreshment for about a quarter of an hour or more (the people singing all the while), and then came into the pulpit and prayed for another hour, and gave them a sermon of about an hour's length, and so concluded the service of the day at about four o'clock in the evening with about half an hour or more in prayer, a sort of service that few could have gone through without inexpressible weariness both to themselves and their auditors."

He chose the daughter of a neighboring clergyman to become his wife. His father-in-law and he kept up a weekly correspondence in Latin, during which the following remarkable incident occurred. One day Mr. Howe received a letter, which concluded with these words: *Sit ros cæli super habitaculum vestrum.* "Let the dew of heaven be upon your dwelling." On that very day a fire occurred in his house, which was mercifully extinguished by a heavy fall of rain. (Psalm cxvii, 43.)

Mr. Howe would probably never have become distinguished in high places but for a comparatively trifling incident; which was, no doubt, overruled by Providence. He visited London, and while there he went one Sabbath to worship at Whitehall Chapel, which was the usual place of worship, which the Lord Protector Cromwell attended. The protector perceiving him in the congregation, felt assured that he was a minister and desired an interview, and find-

ing that he was correct in his surmising told the country clergyman that he must preach before him on the following Sabbath. Mr. Howe made several excuses, but all in vain. Preach he must. Cromwell even wrote to Torrington, telling the people that their minister was detained in London for a little while. Accordingly Mr. Howe preached before Cromwell, as ordered, and then preached a second and a third Sabbath, and every time the protector was more pleased with the stranger, and at length insisted that he should remove to the metropolis and become one of his chaplains. This was much against the wish of Howe, who, it appears, was not anxious to occupy such a distinguished and onerous position; but the will of the protector was law, hence, he had to obey, and as the chaplain of Whitehall he frequently had to preach before two of the most distinguished men of the day, namely, Oliver Cromwell and John Milton. Howe was comparatively a young man when he was selected for the post of honor, not being more than twenty-six years of age; but by his Christian deportment and faithfulness as a minister of the New Testament, he won for himself the favor of the famous protector, who was reputed to be not only every inch a king, but also a deep theologian, and who, if he had not language to enable him to preach, yet he was well qualified to form a correct estimate of what constituted a good sermon.

Such was the esteem of Cromwell for his chaplain that his wishes were generally complied with, and often did he bespeak the favor of Oliver on behalf of those whom he knew to be suffering. So frequently had he done this that one day Cromwell said to him, "Friend Howe, you have obtained many favors for others, but I wonder when the time is to come that you are to move for any thing for yourself or your family." Noble testimony, which clearly illustrates the disinterestedness of the noble John Howe.

During the life-time of Master Cromwell, as Mr. Howe called the protector, he continued to be his chaplain, and was characterized by fidelity to truth and faithfulness in the discharge of the duties of his chap-

laincy. He did not preach to please men; but always preached even in the presence of those in authority with the same faithfulness for which he was renowned while he was yet a country clergyman. To please God was the earnest desire of his soul. He acted as though he saw the eye of Jehovah constantly observing his actions. While he would not needlessly seek to offend those on whom he was depending, he never degraded his ministry by being a man-pleaser.

When Richard Cromwell became his father's successor, he prudently retained the services of the faithful chaplain, and through life he never failed to seek counsel from him in seasons of trouble. Richard visited his faithful friend a short time before his death, during which Dr. Calamy says, "there was a great deal of serious discourse between them, tears were freely shed on both sides, and the parting was very solemn."

When the Act of Uniformity became law John Howe was among the two thousand ministers who were ejected from their churches, as they would not submit to the degradation of re-ordination. When Mr. Howe was appealed to by a bishop and was asked "what hurt re-ordination would do him," he nobly replied, "Hurt! it hurts my understanding; the thought is shocking. It is an absurdity, since nothing can have two beginnings. I am sure I am a minister of Christ, and am ready to debate that matter with your lordship, if your lordship pleases, but I can not begin again to be a minister."

The subsequent years of Mr. Howe's life were years of sacrifice and hardship, nobly endured for Christ's sake. We find him in Holland, then in Italy, and for five years he was a resident in the emerald isle—Ireland. A curious incident is related respecting his journey to the latter country. The vessel by which he intended to sail was wind-bound at Holyhead. On the Sabbath morning Mr. Howe and some of the passengers were proceeding along the shore to find a place of worship. They met two men on horseback who proved to be the parson and the clerk. One of the travelers asked the latter if his master was to preach that day. "Oh, no,"

replied the clerk, "my master never preaches, he only reads prayers." "Would he object that a minister here on his way to Ireland should preach to-day?" "Oh, no; he would be very glad." So the traveling preacher mounted the pulpit and preached twice, and in the afternoon his audience was large and deeply affected. All the week the wind continued contrary, and the ship could not sail. Next Sunday a very large audience assembled to hear the strange preacher. The minister sent in haste for Mr. Howe, who was in bed sick; but when he heard that a multitude had come to hear him, he rose, and, forgetful of any personal risk, he repaired to the church, and preached with great power, almost like a dying man to dying men, and when afterwards he related the circumstance, he added, "If my ministry was ever of any use it must have been then."

After several years of sad reverses we find this holy man in London. His pious deportment in the metropolis won for him many devoted friends, not only such as were Nonconformists, but even many clergymen in the Established Church were glad to recognize him as one of their friends. For a few years he lived in comparative peace, but persecutions were still the lot of those who could not conform to the rubric. Being invited to accompany Lord Wharton abroad as a traveling companion, he visited the greater part of Europe, and secured a somewhat meager income for his family by keeping a few select boarders.

In 1687 King James issued his declaration for liberty of conscience, and Mr. Howe returned to England and again preached to his beloved people in London, where he remained until April 2, 1705, when he was released from his life of suffering. His death was truly triumphant, such as might be expected of one who had lived such a devout life, and was always reported as a person of more than ordinary piety.

We have reserved but little space to speak of Mr. Howe as an author, and yet, imperfect as we admit this sketch to be, it would be still much more so did we not refer to those works by which he is so well known,

and by means of which "he being dead, yet speaketh." Early in his career he contemplated being an author, and sought by his pen to direct the thoughts of men to that which is good; and, considering the troublous times in which he lived, it is marvelous that he could accomplish so much. His works are mostly sermons which he preached, though not always issued in the sermonic form. His maiden production is entitled "Delighting in God," and has been styled "one of the most beautiful and valuable works on practical religion contained in the English language." It is composed mostly of sermons which he had preached at Torrington, Lancashire. Next came "The Redeemer's Tears wept over Lost Souls," which is full of deep sympathy, and shows how ardently the author desires the salvation of his fellow men. "The Living Temple," however, has always been regarded as the most able production of his pen. It contains passages which are not easily surpassed.

While the works of John Howe are for the most part eminently practical, yet he could, when he saw it to be necessary, enter the arena of controversy; and when he did so, he proved himself a polemic of no mean order. His treatise on the Trinity is probably the most dogmatic production of his pen. During the later years of his life Mr. Howe was much employed in preaching funeral sermons for old friends. Some of these are published, and contain evidence of his warmth of affection for such of his fellow travelers as had preceded him to the land of rest. Among the most distinguished may be mentioned the sermons preached at the funerals of Queen Mary, Rev. Richard Adams, Dr. Bates, Matthew Mead, and Peter Vink. One on the death of Dr. Sampson was preached only three months previous to his own death.

As a proof that he was a man of deep piety it may be mentioned that it is stated on good authority, that sometimes under his preaching the whole audience would be so deeply affected that sobs would be heard from every part of the house. His appeals were often almost irresistible. On the blank leaf of his Bible the following sentence

was found inscribed in Latin: "On October 22, 1704, I experienced an inexpressible melting of heart, tears gushing out of my eyes for joy that God should shed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that for this very purpose mine own should be so signally possessed of and by his blessed Spirit."

On one of the latest occasions when he administered the Lord's-supper, he was in a most affecting, melting, heavenly frame of

mind, and carried out into such a ravishing and transporting celebration of the love of Christ that both he and they who communicated with him were apprehensive that he would have expired in that very service.

John Howe was eminently a good man. Truly "his conversation was in heaven." He delighted in God. His heart overflowed with the riches of grace. Young ministers especially would do well to become like him.

WOLVES.

"**T**HERE is nothing good in the wolf," says Buffon; "he has a base look, a savage aspect, a terrible voice, an insupportable smell, a nature brutal and ferocious, and a body so foul and unclean that no animal or reptile will touch his flesh. It is only a wolf that can eat a wolf." "No animal," writes Cuvier, "so richly merits destruction as the wolf." The wolf, however, vile as he is in life, is not altogether worthless in death. His skin supplies the peasantry of the land over which he prowls with clothing, the wealthy with carriage-rugs, and ladies with tippets. The skin of the wolf is strong and durable; the woodmen and mountaineers make cloaks and caps of it, the tail being left on the latter to fall over the ear by way of ornament. They likewise cover with it the outside of their game-bags. They tan it also; and excellent shoes are made of the leather, soft and light for Summer wear. It is likewise made into parchment to cover small drums used on festive occasions, and by their noise to assist in the chase of the wolves themselves.

Wolves attain their full size in three years, and live from fifteen to twenty. Their hair, like that of man, grows gray with years, and, like him also, they lose their teeth, but without the advantage of being able to replace them. The race of wolves is older than the flood, for their bones have been found in antediluvian remains. They are met with in all countries,

on the New Continent as well as the Old. "They exist," observes Cuvier, "in Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe; from Egypt to Lapland; every-where, in fact, excepting in England." How an animal so universally hated should have continued to perpetuate itself, when every other savage beast on the face of the earth diminishes in an infinitely greater proportion, is a problem difficult to solve.

The wolf varies in shape and color, according to the country in which it lives. In Asia, towards Turkey, this animal is reddish, in Italy quite red. In India the one called beriah is described as being of a light cinnamon color. Yellow wolves, with a short black mane along the entire spine, are found in the marshes of all the hot and temperate regions of America. The fur of the Mexican wolf is one of the richest and most valuable known. In the regions of the north the wolf is black, and sometimes black and gray. Others are white. But the black wolf is always the fiercest. The black is also found in the south of Europe, and particularly in the Pyrenees. Colonel Hamilton Smith relates an anecdote of its great size and weight. At a battue in the mountains near Madrid, one of these wolves, which came bounding through the high grass towards an English gentleman who was present, was so large that he mistook it for a donkey, but discovered his error in time to stop the brute's further advance with a bullet.

Colonel Smith adds that the French wolves are generally browner and somewhat stronger than those of Germany, with an appearance far more wild and savage. The Russian are larger and appear more bulky and formidable, from the great quantity of long coarse hair that covers them on the neck and cheeks. The Swedish and Norwegian are similar to the Russian, but appear deeper and heavier in the shoulder. They are also lighter in color, and in Winter become completely white. The Alpine wolves are yellowish, and smaller than the French. This is the type of wolf that is commonly found in the western countries of Europe; and it was, in all probability, this species that once infested the wild and extensively-wooded land districts of the British Islands. For that wolves were once exceedingly numerous in England is as certain as that the bear formerly prowled in Wales and Scotland; Athelstan in 925 erecting on the public highways refuges against their attacks. A retreat was built at Flixton, in Yorkshire, to protect travelers against these ravenous brutes. King John, quoted by Pennant from Bishop Littleton's collection, mentions the wolf as one of the beasts of the chase which, despite the severe forest laws of the feudal system, the Devonshire men were permitted to kill. Even in the reign of the first Edward they were so numerous that he applied himself in earnest to their extirpation; and, enlisting criminals into the service, commuted their punishment for a given number of wolves' tongues. He also permitted the Welsh to redeem the tax imposed upon them by an annual tribute of three hundred of these horrible animals. In the following reign certain tenants in Derbyshire held their lands on condition that they should hunt the wolves that harbored in that country. The flocks of Scotland suffered greatly from the ravages of wolves in 1577, and they were not finally rooted out of that portion of the island till about the year 1686.

Wolves were seen in Ireland as late as 1710. The Saxon name for the month of January, "wolf-moneth," in which dreary season the famished beasts became more

desperate, and the term for an outlaw, "Wolfshed" implying that he might be killed with as much impunity as a wolf, indicate how numerous wolves were in those times.

In the somber forests of Nivernais and Burgundy, where wolves are still numerous, they prey upon every thing carnal when driven by hunger; not only cows, oxen, horses, sheep, goats, and pigs, but also fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks; and even the wayfarer and the innocent babe, left for a moment unattended, supply their larder. Quantities of game, fawns, and roebucks, and even the wild boar himself, when young, adds to the variety of their diet, for the wolf can not do without flesh, and has a profound contempt for a vegetable regimen. Geese and ducks have especial attractions for the wolfish appetite; but this inclination often tends to the animal's destruction, as, if one of these birds be tied alive to the branch of a tree, it will by its cries infallibly bring any wolves within hearing to the spot, where they are met by the guns of the peasantry concealed in properly constructed huts. Rewards are offered for the heads of male wolves, and yet greater sums for those of females; the destroyer being likewise loaded with presents by the peasantry.

Nor are wolves, while in the possession of every brutal vice, free from that of intoxication. Henri de Criqueulle, in a French work upon the Natural History of Le Morvan (a district of France), tells us that "in the Summer the wolves, like the gypsies, have no fixed residence. They may then be met with in the standing barley or oats, the vineyards and fields; they sleep in the open country and seldom seek the friendly shelter of the forest, except during the scorching hours of the day. Towards the end of August I have often met them," says he, "in the vineyards, apparently half-drunk, scarcely able to walk—in short, quite unsteady on their legs, almost plowing the ground up with noses, and staring stupidly about them. I once came upon one partly hidden amidst the thick undergrowth and weeds on the edge of the piles of stones collected from amongst the vines. My pres-

ence aroused his growl; when rising lazily amongst the bushes he stumbled and fell, being evidently incapable of getting farther. A salute from both barrels with small shot scarcely tickled his skin, but it brought him once more on his legs, though only to fall again; when, having reloaded, I advanced on him and administered a double dose in his ear, which had the desired effect. The fact was, he was quite drunk, although not disorderly." This inclination in wolves for intemperate indulgence in the juice of the grape is vouched for by several authorities. It would appear that the wolves during the ardent heats of August suffer greatly from thirst, and in the absence of water take to the vineyards, and there endeavor to assuage it by eating large quantities of grapes—very cool, and, no doubt, very delightful at the time, but the treacherous liquid ferments, bacchanalian fumes soon infect the brain, and for several hours these four-legged toppers are literally "as drunk as beasts," and entirely deprived of their senses.

The favorite trap employed for wolves is the *traquerard*. This is most dangerous even to man, the strongest that is made requiring two men to set it. It has springs of formidable power and delicacy, and when these are touched, the jaws of the trap, armed with rows of teeth, shut one within the other. Great care must be taken by those who set these traps that their hands are clothed in gloves, or otherwise the wolf, always extremely difficult to deceive by reason of his delicate sense of smell, would be at once on the alert. The trap has also a set of triangular grapnels to further secure its prey should it make strenuous attempts to escape, which the wolves sometimes do, either gnawing off their own leg, or their companions performing this office for them. To the trap is attached about six feet of iron chain fastened to a tree, and the whole is carefully covered with leaves, briars, etc. The body of an animal that has been dead a few days is divided into five parts; one of the portions is suspended to the lower branch of a tree exactly over the trap, and the other four portions, attached to a withe or the braid of a faggot, are trailed by men on

horse-back on the ground at right-angles from the trap. As a caution to the peasantry small pieces of wood and stones are suspended by string in the vicinity of the trap to intimate the lurking danger to man. In spite of every precaution, however, very sad occurrences will often happen in these forests.

The following from the archives of the forest of La Madeleine will illustrate the terrible ferocity of the wolves of that region. This district, full of ravines, dark thickets, small hamlets, and solitary houses, was, if it be not still, overrun with these insatiable and remorseless brutes. Travelers had been devoured in the passes of La Goulotte, and mangled and torn in the ravines of Lingou. No one dared venture into the country when night approached. A farm yet stands on the borders of the forest, in the midst of pastures and patches of furze, full of cattle and sheep, and this, by the time the stars were brilliantly illuminating the dark arch of heaven, was frequently surrounded by troops of wolves, scratching under the walls and loudly demanding the trifling alms of a horse, an ox, or a man. It so happened that one of the farmer's colts died, and he determined, if possible, to use it as bait, which would provide him the opportunity of destroying some of his nocturnal visitors. For this purpose he placed the dead body in the middle of the courtyard, and having fastened weights to its neck and legs to prevent the wolves from dragging it away, he set the principal gate open, but so arranged with cords and pulleys that it could be closed at any moment. Night came on. The house was shut up, the candles extinguished, the stables barricaded, the dogs brought indoors and muzzled to prevent them from barking, and in the bright starlight, on some clean straw, the better to attract attention, lay the dead body of the colt—the gate, as stated, being open. All was ready, all within on the watch, when about ten o'clock the wolves were heard in the distance. They approached, sniffed, looked, listened, growled, and, distrusting the open gate, paused. Not one would enter. Profound was the silence and excitement in the house. Hunger at

length overcame prudence and mistrust. Their savage cries were renewed. They became more and more impatient and exasperated; how was it possible to resist a piece of young horseflesh? The most forward could hold out no longer. He advanced alone, went up to the colt, tore away a large piece of his chest, and set off at speed with his booty between his teeth. The other wolves, seeing him escape in safety, regained their confidence, and one, two, three, six, eight wolves were soon gathered round the animal, but though eating as fast as they could, they remained with ears erect, and each eye still on the gate.

Eight wolves! The farmer thought it a respectable number, and whistled, when the four men at the ropes hauling instantly, the large folding-gates rolled to, and closed in the stillness with the noise of thunder. The wolves were prisoners. Startled and terrified at finding themselves caught, they at once deserted the small remains of the colt, creeping about in all directions in search of some outlet by which they might escape, or some hole to hide in, while the farmer, having secured them, sent his household to bed, putting off the destruction of the wolves until sunrise.

The morning dawned, and with the first rays of light master and men set some ladders against the outer walls of the court, and from them, as well as the windows, fired volleys on the entrapped wolves. Unable to resist, the animals for some time hurried hither and thither, crouching in every corner and nook of the yard. But the wounds from balls which reached them soon turned their fear into rage. They began to make alarming leaps, and uttered the most hideous yells. The work of destruction went on but slowly. The men were but indifferent shots. The wolves were never an instant at rest; and the persistence and rapidity with which they continued to gallop round or leap from side to side of the yard, as if in a cage, effectually baffled the endeavors of their enemies. The affair was in this way becoming tedious, when an unlooked-for misfortune threw a dreadful gloom over the whole scene.

The ladder used by one of the party being too short, the young man placed himself on the wall, as if in a saddle, to have a better opportunity of taking aim, when one of the wolves, the largest, strongest, and most exasperated, suddenly bounded at the wall, as if to clear it, but failed. Subsequently the animal attempted to climb up by means of the unhewn stones, like a cat, and though he again failed, he reached high enough almost to seize with his sharp teeth the foot of the unfortunate lad. Terrified at this, he raised his leg to avoid the brute, lost his balance, and fell with a heart-rending scream into the court below. Each and all the wolves turned like lightning on their helpless, hopeless victim, and a cry of horror was heard on every side.

The storm of leaden hail ceased. No man dared fire again, and yet something must be done, for the monsters were devouring the wretched lad. Listening only to the dictates of courage and humanity, the noble-hearted farmer, gun in hand, leaped at once into the yard, and the men all followed his heroic example. A frightful conflict ensued. The scene that then took place defies every attempt at description. The reader must, if he can, imagine the howling of the wolves, the piteous cries of the lacerated and dying youth, the imprecations of the men, the neighing of the horses, the roaring of the bulls in their stalls, and, more than all, the crying and lamentations of the women and children in the house—a fearful heart-rending chorus. At last the farmer's wife, a powerful and resolute woman, with great presence of mind unmuzzled the dogs, and dropped them from an open window into the yard. This most useful reinforcement with their vigorous attacks and loud barking completed the tumult and the tragedy. In twenty minutes the eight wolves were dead, and with them half the faithful dogs. The poor unfortunate lad, his throat torn open, was dead. His courageous though unsuccessful defenders were more or less wounded, and the gallant farmer's left hand so injured that, as soon as surgical aid could be procured for him, amputation was found to be necessary.

THE KING IN HAMLET.

THE play of Hamlet is one of the most monumental to his genius who wrote it,—a standing tribute to the universality of his genius, though as a play it fails to furnish a single character worthy of emulation or admiration. Hamlet himself, the central figure of the plot, is, morally speaking, an imperfect character—weak, malicious, hypocritical to himself, vacillating, procrastinating and irresolute. An unreal character, he is presented under improbable conditions and in impossible circumstances, but serves well as a background upon which are cast the other characters of the play, or rather as a means of exciting into activity the distinctive elements of character given to the other personages of the plot.

I may add in this respect this drama exhibits in clear outline what seems to me to be the distinctive peculiarity of Shakespeare's genius, it was not in originating plots, for he was indebted for the plots of his histories and fictions, his tragedies and comedies alike, to others. We have no evidence that Shakespeare was in this respect even the compeer of that poor plottist, George Eliot. But his peculiar power is in bringing into play in different relations the same elements of character. Every jealous man is differently jealous, every wit differently witty, every lover differently loving, and so all through the catalogue of human characteristics which he depicts. The poet of nature, his characters are varied as nature itself; each character receives tint or shade from the refractive or somber presence of another. Therefore none of his plays or characters can be interpreted by any set principles of analysis. Of course, we can analyze any of the plays by a preconception of it from a desultory reading, that is, we can take so much of it as will bear pressing into our prearranged rules of criticism; but by so doing we necessarily miss a large portion of the production, for each character is *distinct*, and is never returned to by Shakespeare; each character is *whole* in the sense

that nothing is omitted that will naturally develop by its being associated with another. This made Shakespeare the "soul of the age," and has left him "a monument without a tomb." Like nature, his characters grew variegated by the associated personages.

In this play we see Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of mental philosophy, especially in the reactionary effects of the mental condition of Hamlet upon the king and queen and other characters of the plot. He understood the malady, and adroitly exhibits it in its relation to the guilty sophistry of the king, the maternal unrest of the queen, the wily ambitions of the sycophant Polonius, the maidenly love of the helpless, but innocent and affectionate, Ophelia, the uncertain and fickle friendship of the thorough-paced court knaves Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and of the bereaved Laertes. In none more so than the character of the king, though, we must observe, the position of dignity as a king; and his place in the plot forbid as close and direct personal contact with the principal character as with some others. Very appropriately, the fact that he is a king is never forgotten. But the malady of Hamlet, in its cause and effect, is made to exhibit him in the most unkingly aspects. The *cause* of Hamlet's malady is the first thing stated in the play by the ghost. In the tragedies of ordinary life, in the absence of poetry, under ordinary circumstances the revenger would have rushed upon the guilty villain and cursed him with accusations of his crime. But for the purpose of working out a tragic drama, the consequences of the crime, direct and indirect, the results upon the guilty and the effects upon others, must be kept in abeyance for the climax of the play. The suggestion is made by Gertrude (whose only redeeming feature is her love of Ophelia),

"I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'er hasty marriage."
Act II, Scene II.

With his knowledge of the facts such a suggestion was sufficient to arrest the sophisms with which under other circumstances he attempted to quiet his concealed guilt and justify his open profanation of the sanctuary of sorrow. His trenchant reply was, "Well, we shall sift him." Which, you will observe, he never dare do, for "suspicion haunts the guilty mind," and disarms investigation. But from that time the suspicion grows upon him that in some inexplicable way his own dark deed lay at the foundation of the thickening domestic and national disasters. But through all he is *Shakespeare's masterpiece of occult guilt*. It must be observed, however, that the king's power of concealing his guilt can not be predicated upon his strength of character, but rather upon the manifold weakness of his character. Hence, prominence is given to his seasons of dissipation; every thing that happens drives him to drink. After his exhausting argument with Hamlet and Hamlet's "unforced accord sits smiling on his heart," he is made to say:

"No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again."

On the return of Volimaud and Cornelius, after the labor of listening to their commission from Norway,

"Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home."

This is made more apparent in the last scene, when dissipation becomes the natural adjunct of the tragedy which the consummate villainy of the king had planned.

"Set me the stoups of wine upon that table."
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."

The testimony of history shows that the Danish court was in an abandoned state in Shakespeare's time, and that this representation of the play is true to facts. But in the hands of the great dramatist this is the key to the king's character as exercising no restraint upon his lower propensities, and as being his common resort for the purpose of stimulating an apathetic brain and drowning concealed guilt.

We notice also an utter absence of the moral sense. He seemed to lack the first

elements of conscience as a practical factor of his life. True, Hamlet says,

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

And he himself speaks of the "smart lash that speech doth give my conscience," as though he had such a function. But only as the remorseful consequences of his secret crime seemed to be at hand is there ever elicited any allusion to his guilt. When Polonius justified hypocrisy the king for a moment realizes the "heavy burthen," and says:

"My offense is rank, it smells to heaven
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it."

His stronger guilt defeated his strong intent. There was no forgiveness for his foul murder, for he possessed the effects, the crown, the ambition, and the queen. And

"May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?"
Act III, Scene III.

But it needed the presentation of the counterpart of his own crime in the murder of Gonzago, of Vienna; and not until the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife does he exhibit any trepidation or confusion of soul. It was after that he seemed ever to be haunted with the remorseless memories of occult guilt. That was his ghost. He sought with weak sophisms to bolster up his peace; for instance, by analogy.

"Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?"

By an impotent attempt at prayer. His sophisms were swept away by the torrent of remorse which had been liberated upon him by the perspective view of his crime as reenacted by the players. No form of prayer would serve his turn. For a moment a view of the supreme justice which allows no shuffling but makes men to

"The teeth and forehead of their faults
To give in evidence,"

gleams upon him. But remorse only made him realize the irrevocable results of crime. He can not repent. He is a

"Lined soul that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged."

He can not pray. He assayed it, but

"My words fly up, but my thoughts remain below."

His thoughts are moored in the dark depths of his guilt. His moral sense, in Hamlet's language, was "apoplexed." He was not capable of originating a genuine moral repugnance for his crime. And only as Hamlet becomes associated in his thought with the crime does his remorse become apparent. Then he had no compunction about committing another deed, and to that end, sanctioned the sneak Polonius, gave direction to the treachery of the time-servers Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and then made a tool of Laertes for the removal of Hamlet, who had become the haunting specter of doom to him,

"The raging hectic in his blood."

He was a king, but singularly devoid of kingly ability. He affected a stilted dignity when speaking to his returned ambassadors; but commissions must "wait his more considered time." And so by inattention to his nation's interests he betrayed it to riot and to Fortinbras. Pedantic and undignified when speaking of that which was related to his deed, yet assuming an appropriate majesty when speaking on things concerning the state. It was not until

Laertes and the mob are upon him that he realized the necessity of politic action. His only regret for the death of Polonius seems to have been based upon a slavish fear of its consequences to him as a king. He must both countenance and excuse it. He dreaded that slander

"Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
Transports his poisoned shot—may miss his name
And hit the woundless air."

Fear of that filled his soul with "discord and dismay." He could, however, conceal that and pretend to commune with Laertes' grief; and then, when the mob assailed him, haughtily assumed

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep at him."

He was a poor plotter. All his plans failed, in reference to Fortinbras, Hamlet, Laertes, and finally he became a victim to his own perfidy. He died, while Hamlet pronounced his epitaph:

"A villain," "Not the twentieth part of the title of his brother,"
"A vice of kings," "A cut-purse," "A king of shreds and potates,"
"The incestuous, murderous, damn'd Dane."

WATCH AND PRAY.

LIKE men in leaguered fort we stand,
Girt with a fierce array;
And Christ for all hath like command;
The word is, "Watch and pray."
Darkness and danger on each side,
A weary round we keep;
We must not watch in boastful pride,
Nor pray and fall asleep.
At times we pray, but do not watch,
Thinking the gate is barred;
Then find the foe is more than match
For Christians off their guard.
To pray, yet not to watch, directs
Prayer like a mystic charm;
To watch, yet not to pray, expects
All from the creature's arm.
To pray, yet not to watch, rejects
The service God requires;

To watch, yet not to pray, neglects
To trim the appointed fires.
Watch, without prayer, may man the wall,
Yet find the weapons lack;
Prayer, without watch, is sure to fall
Beneath the first attack.
Watch, without prayer, is sometimes slow
The point of risk to reach;
Prayer, without watch, admits the foe
By small unnoticed breach.
O Christian, be it thine to slow
Watching with prayer combined;
And trust thy Savior's words, that so
Safety thou'rt sure to find.
Much thought of dread the snares create,
Much thought of risk display,
Temptation enters not the gate,
When we both watch and pray.

MODERN BRITISH METHODISM.



REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE welcome presence at our late General Conference of the fraternal delegates from the British Wesleyan Conference, the Rev. William Arthur, A. M., and the Rev. Frederick W. M'Donald, and also of the Rev. Wallace M'Mullen, the fraternal delegate from the Irish Wesleyan Conference, awakens fresh interest in the relations subsisting between American and British Methodism. Although one in doctrine and in spirit, there is a wide distinction between them in organic form; the British and Colonial Wesleyans having the presbyterian form of Church government, while the chief body of American Methodists is episcopal.

A great religious convocation like that recently in session at Cincinnati furnishes a fit occasion for reviewing the processes and events which have resulted in such a wide departure of British Methodism from the oft-repeated views and intentions of Mr. Wesley; a review which may be of some

substantial value to those reformers in the Methodist Episcopal Church whose chief grievance therewith is its episcopacy, and whose apparent mission it is to write and talk our Church into the same anomalous ecclesiastical condition as that which is now occupied by our Wesleyan brethren in Great Britain.

It is often asserted by our Protestant Episcopal friends that Mr. Wesley from the first to the last was an ardent, loyal, and even intense Churchman—a fact which his spiritual descendants in England have dutifully and persistently repeated, and in view of which they have refused to be called "Dissenters," though departing more and more from the forms and orders of the State Church. The American Methodists, remembering also that their great leader was an Episcopalian, and many of them believing that he was a bishop in his own right by immediate inspiration and providential or-

dering, have established the order of bishops in their section of the Church of God, whose chief ministers may trace their apostolic succession from the most apostolic man since the apostolic age, and, through him, may, if they choose, claim connection both with the Greek and the Latin hierarchy, which two grand divisions of Christendom have fostered and enlarged that historic delusion, namely, an unbroken official succession of bishops from St. Peter, the first bishop of Rome.

An opening up of this subject in the light of the facts ought not to be displeasing to our brethren across the ocean; and in view of the outcome of the recent council for the organization of an ecumenical Methodism, it may call out such further discussions as will result in a larger degree of unity and a more perfect historic consistency among the various branches of the great Methodist family.

"By whom was this cemetery consecrated?" asked Dean Stanley of the old sexton of the burial ground at the City Road Chapel, London.

"By the bones of that holy man, that servant of God, John Wesley," was the reply.

If the reverend dean were to change the form of his question, and ask the British Conference "By whom was this body of ministers consecrated?" they could not answer after the manner of the old sexton, and say, "By the hands of that holy man, that servant of God, John Wesley, and his successors." Such an answer to that question could only be given on behalf of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Wesley intended an episcopal form of government both for the British and the American conference of Methodists. Why else did he ordain a "superintendent" for each of them—Alexander Mather for Great Britain and Thomas Coke for the United States? If it be replied, Mr. Wesley ordained "superintendents," and not bishops, and that he himself was a "superintendent," and not a bishop, the burden would be on the respondents to show what actual difference there was between Mr. Wesley and his "superintendents" on the one hand, and

the bishops of the English Church on the other. The only differences readily observable are such as grow out of unsupported tradition and State Church politics, thus leaving the great substantial fact undisturbed that a bishop is a "superintendent," and a "superintendent," such as Mr. Wesley or Thomas Coke, is a bishop. If it is objected that Mr. Wesley declared that no man by his consent should call him bishop, the answer appears on the surface of the subject. If Mr. Wesley chose to forego, for the sake of peace, the enjoyment of that titular distinction, and advised his "dear Frankie" in America to do the same, he showed thereby a degree of sagacity as well as humility which renders him all the more honorable, and proves him more fit for the bishopric, which for years he actually held. Mr. Wesley never says "I am not a bishop," a statement which in five words would have changed the whole complexion of his sayings and his doings, and the absence of which, with such abundant testimony in favor of his actual episcopacy, as shown by his ordination of deacons, elders, and "superintendents," leaves such a burden of proof on those presbyterians who call themselves Wesleyans as seems very much to oppress them in their efforts to defend their position.

The Rev. Alexander Mather, whom Wesley ordained in 1788 for the work of a "superintendent" in Great Britain, was one of the most apostolic men, a man of whom it is said in a memorial notice in the minutes of the British Conference, "His wisdom and experience, his courage and perseverance, rendered him an invaluable friend to our connection during some late troubles under which it suffered. He was never intimidated by any fear of calumny from pursuing those plans which he conceived to tend toward peace and union of the societies. His noble soul was elevated above the momentary opinion of a party. He looked only at the interests and glory of the Redeemer's kingdom, and waited for his reward in a better world." Such was the man chosen by Mr. Wesley as his official successor, and whom he ordained to the office above that of elder, which office he was pleased to des-

ignate as that of "superintendent," thus translating, instead of transferring, the Greek word which in the New Testament and everywhere else stands for the highest order in the ministry.

The loyalty of the arch-Methodist to the State Church of England gave him no small trouble in the management of his great body of itinerant preachers. It was a high distinction for a British laborer or tradesman to be "set up to preach." It gave him almost the position of "a gentleman," the only element wanting to this social dignity being the regular ordination to the ministry. In England, in Mr. Wesley's time, the system of caste prevailed to a greater degree than can well be conceived of by us democratic Americans; the common clergy joined on to the small end of the nobility, and among the Wesleyan preachers there was a constant temptation to seek for orders as a means of acquiring this social distinction. A considerable number of Wesley's most prominent and successful co-laborers were lost to him in consequence of the success of their ambition in this line; and the urgency of the demand of his followers for some form of ministerial designation became too strong to be resisted.

The English Methodists had become divided into two parties on the question of the sacraments, the "High-church party" demanding that the original status of Methodism as a society within, and subordinate to, the Established Church, should be maintained; the other party, who were scornfully termed "Dissenters" by their High-church brethren, claiming that Methodism had a life and mission of its own; that it was a portion of the Church of God; that its ministers were true ministers of Jesus Christ, and that the people were entitled to receive from their hands the holy ordinances of baptism and of the Lord's-supper. The "High-church party," which comprised most of the wealthy and respectable of British Methodists, were greatly desirous not to offend against the State Church, to whose clergy they still looked for all official ministerial acts; while the masses of the membership of the Wesleyan societies could not see why

their preachers were not just as good as parish parsons, and entitled to celebrate the sacraments as well as to preach the Gospel.

As a specimen of the proceedings of the "High-church party" the case of the Bristol Circuit may be stated. The chapels in the circuit were among the very small number of those whose trust deeds had not been drawn according to Mr. Wesley's plan. Instead of being wholly under the control of the conference for the unquestioned and unrestricted use of such ministers as Mr. Wesley and his successors should appoint, these chapels were held under a form of title which enabled the trustees to turn them into citadels for the defense of State Churchism. At the conference of 1794 the "Stationing Committee," which had succeeded to Mr. Wesley's power of appointment, had set down Joseph Benson as president of the Bristol Circuit, with Messrs. Rodda, Vasey, and Moore as associate preachers. Benson, known to us through his commentaries, was one of the leaders in the "High-church party," and Vasey had been ordained a clergyman in the English Church, while Moore was a sturdy defender of the rights of the preachers to administer the sacraments, and also was an advocate of the plan of setting up a British Wesleyan episcopacy.

The Portland-street Chapel in Bristol was regularly "settled" according to Mr. Wesley's plan, and here the unordained Mr. Moore celebrated the Lord's-supper; whereupon the trustees of the circuit served a notice upon him forbidding him to preach in the other two chapels, on the ground that the right to fill those pulpits was not vested in the conference but in the trustees. The next Sunday Mr. Moore appeared in one of the forbidden pulpits, rehearsed the action of the trustees, and then took his departure for the Portland-street Chapel, followed by almost the entire congregation. Bristol at once became the center of controversial interest. Circulars and addresses were issued in which the trustees of over fifty out of the one hundred and fifteen circuits set themselves up to defy the conference in the interest of State Church exclusiveness; an

action whereby they separated themselves from the great majority of their people. In the Bristol Circuit, comprising about one thousand members, eight hundred sustained Mr. Moore, and after his exclusion from the other Wesleyan premises, straightway set about building a chapel in which the sacraments as well as the Gospel should be freely administered. This was one of the "late troubles" to which reference is made in the memorial tribute to Alexander Mather above quoted.

On the 30th of March, 1791, twenty-eight days after Wesley's death, a document known as "the Halifax Circular," concocted by a little company of Methodist preachers under the lead of William Thompson, the "assistant" in the Halifax Circuit, was promulgated, which proposed a constitution for Methodism on the basis of Mr. Wesley's "Deed of Declaration," which document, it will be remembered, set forth his own personal and official relations to "the people called Methodists," and provided for a legal body of a hundred ministers, who, after his death should constitute the "conference." This proposition was a signal for battle, since it secured to the "legal hundred" the entire control of general Methodist affairs to the exclusion of certain boards of chapel trustees, among whom there was a strong combination for the avowed purpose of capturing and controlling the pulpits in their several circuits in the interests of the "High-church party."

But Methodism was now fifty years of age, and the most of its membership had been born within its fold. Of those who had joined the societies in adult years there were many who had never been Episcopalians at all, except by that legal fiction which claims the entire population for the State Church, "with the exception of those who have actual membership in dissenting bodies." In the interest of the preachers who represented this large popular majority the "Halifax Circular" was issued, which was quickly followed by the "Hull Circular," in the interest of the cabal of chapel trustees; and the battle thus drawn was kept up with circulars and addresses till

the session of the first post-Wesleyan conference at Manchester, July 26, 1791. At this conference more than three hundred preachers were present, and all who were in full connection were allowed the privileges of membership according to Mr. Wesley's request, without reference to whether or not their names appeared in the list of the "legal hundred."

Now was the time for carrying out Mr. Wesley's plan for a general superintendency. "Superintendent" Mather was ready to exercise his official functions, but the conference deliberately rejected him, and Mather, after vainly presenting himself to his brethren as the regular successor in office of John Wesley, modestly resumed his place among his brethren, and finished a godly and successful ministry as an itinerant preacher in the year 1800.

It is an interesting question, and one which our English brethren can answer better than we, why the Wesleyan Episcopal succession was rejected, when, so far as the purpose and authority of Mr. Wesley was concerned, it was of equal force with his "Deed of Declaration." Several possible reasons may be mentioned. The British Conference had now become a large, powerful, and somewhat independent body. During the last years of the life of their great chief they had found his plenary authority somewhat irksome, and the transference of this master-spirit to glory afforded them an opportunity to take into their own hands the powers under which they had sometimes experienced discomfort. Again, with Wesley's death came the disappearance of the only man naturally qualified and providentially entitled to govern. Men were not wanting in this goodly fellowship who had the disposition to control events; the difficulty was the presence of too many such, no one of whom could reasonably admit the superiority of another. The only person among them marked by any great distinction was Alexander Mather, and the only great distinction which separated him from numbers of his brethren was his ordination by Mr. Wesley to the office of "superintendent." It may be, in addition to these considera-

tions, that the members of the Wesleyan Conference had seen too much episcopacy in the specimens thereof which occupied the dioceses through which they made their preaching tours, and that on account of the unloveliness of these State Church prelates in their eyes, more than on account of the dogmatism of their own dead leader, they were determined that no such yoke should again be placed upon their necks.

A "conference" was a necessity. There was property to be held, chapels and schools to be controlled, power to be wielded; but a "superintendent" was not a necessity; thus the purposes of the great leader was honored in one direction but dishonored in the other, and as a substitute for the chief episcopal function hitherto exercised by Mr. Wesley—that of stationing the preachers—this first conference after his death created a "Stationing Committee." This committee was raised in the following manner:

One of the first acts of this conference had been to divide the United Kingdom into districts, seventeen in England, two in Scotland, five in Ireland, and one in Wales. It was then determined that all the ministers in full connection in each district should meet at the call, and under the presidency of their chairman, and should elect one of their number to represent them in this "Stationing Committee," whose duty it was to meet at the place appointed for the annual session of the conference at least three days previous to its opening and prepare and report a plan for stationing the preachers. A similar committee was appointed for the Irish Conference, whose president should be elected from, and sent over by, the British Conference, and he was to be an *ex-officio* member of the Irish "Stationing Committee." This action was taken with much unanimity and good feeling. The troublesome question of the sacraments was by common consent passed over, and for the time being it was agreed "to follow strictly the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death." Such words, after an action so utterly subversive of Mr. Wesley's plan for a general superintendency, will not fail to strike the reader with surprise.

At this conference three hundred and twenty-six preachers received appointments, one hundred and nine of whom were married men, for the support of whose families a separate provision was made, twelve candidates for the ministry were admitted on trial and fifteen others were placed on the reserve list, as not being immediately needed, but entitled to come in on trial as vacancies should occur. The number of members represented in the societies of the United Kingdom was seventy-two thousand four hundred and sixty-eight, besides sixty-five hundred and twenty-five in the mission societies in British America and the West Indies. The increase in membership during the conference year of 1790-1, was eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

The Methodist Moses was dead, the Methodist conference had refused to have a Joshua or an Aaron; and no sooner had the conference adjourned than the old dissensions broke out again.

"What is meant by 'the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death?'"

"It means," said the High-church party, "that the Methodists, like Wesley himself, should be loyal to the Establishment."

"No," said the others; "it means that we shall go on doing just as we did during Mr. Wesley's life-time."

One party would have the societies go back to what they were in the mind of their leader before the pressure of their increasing greatness forced him into certain variations from the Church; the other party pointed out the direction in which Mr. Wesley was moving during the last years of his life, and determined to keep on towards liberty and independence.

"The Church of England allows no man to administer the Lord's-supper except ordained priests," said the conservatives.

"True," answered the progressives; "but Mr. Wesley himself ordained some of his own preachers for that very purpose; and, what is more; there are chapels in which the sacraments have been steadily administered by Methodist preachers who have not been ordained."

"We hold the property, and are determined to maintain Church discipline," said the High-church trustees.

"And I am resolved," said Adam Clarke—voicing the purpose of the whole progressive party, both among the ministers and laymen—"to have liberty of conscience, or go to the ends of the earth for it. I will administer the sacraments where the people desire it, and take the consequences."

Thus it was the same old question over again. Do the sacraments rightfully belong to the people, or are they the prerogative of the clergy?

This seems to have been a question over which Mr. Wesley was so greatly exercised that, in order to prevent the division if not the destruction of his societies in consequence of it, he conferred the order of "superintendent" upon Alexander Mather that he in his turn might ordain the Methodist preachers, and thereby give to the itinerants the nominal, in addition to the natural and rightful, authority to serve the people in the sacraments as well as in the Word of the Gospel. The sacramental question was now the rock on which British Methodism was in danger of being wrecked; and that because of the action of his sons in the ministry, who, while verbally resolving "to follow strictly the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death," sent his appointed captain from the deck, and appointed an annual elective committee to navigate the ship.

Year after year the High-church party lost ground. Thus, for instance, at the conference of 1793, at Leeds, it was agreed, by way of compromise, that "no gowns, cassocks, bands, or surplices shall be worn by any," and that "the title of 'reverend' shall not be used by us toward each other in the future." On the other hand, it was conceded that full membership in the conference and the appointment thereby to administer the sacraments should be sufficient ordination without any imposition of hands, and that "the sacraments should be celebrated in those societies which unanimously desired them." A sharper bargain than this, under the name of "compromise," was rarely ever driven in the ecclesiastical mar-

ket, and the High-church party were not long in coming to a sense of it. They had preserved the sanctity of the title and the millinery of the establishment, but the priestly prerogative and ownership in the sacraments had been forever lost, and plain Methodist preachers who might not be called "reverend," and who must not wear "gowns, cassocks, bands, or surplices," might, in such other garments as suited their tastes or their purse, administer the sacramental water and bread and wine. Thus the conservatives, indeed, strained out the gnat but gulped down the camel.

Soon, however, the liberals began to be troubled with the word "unanimous" in the treaty, whereby a single member of any society could outvote all the rest, and they moved for, and secured the re-establishment of the *status* which existed at Wesley's death; namely, that the sacraments should be again administered in those chapels where they had been formerly enjoyed. In the year 1794 there had come to be nearly one hundred Methodist societies in which the sacraments were celebrated by their preachers with no reference whatever to the question whether or not they had been ordained. In view of this dreadful state of things, the High-church party, claiming to represent "the people," though it was notorious that the people generally demanded the sacraments, organized themselves into a body, and, as the custodians of the property, attempted to push the societies into conformity with their views. Nevertheless, the conference at its session in 1794 re-affirmed its statement that "imposition of hands is not essential to ordination, but merely a circumstance, although generally a significant one; the act of admission into the ministry so as to be wholly devoted to it, and to exercise the pastoral charge, being the true Scriptural ordination both to preach the Word and to administer the sacraments."

But what about following strictly "the plan which Mr. Wesley left us at his death?" This was following out of sight behind, if it were not, indeed, traveling in the opposite direction. By their act in refusing the superintendent whom Mr. Wesley had or-

dained for the purpose of securing an orderly administration of the Christian sacraments, the conference within three years after his death had been driven to such a wide departure from his "plan" as to leave nothing at all of it in force so far as the official *status* of the ministry was concerned. At this point the British Conference lost the right to call themselves Wesleyans; and by solemn official utterances committed themselves to a theory only one step removed from the baldest theories of the people who are now called "Plymouth Brethren."

Foreseeing the extremity of dissent to which the conference was tending, Mr. Wesley's two superintendents, Coke and Mather, with Drs. Pawson, Taylor, and Moore, and Rev. Messrs. Richardson, Bradburn, and Adam Clarke, held a consultation at Lichfield on the 2d of April, 1794, and drafted a memorial to the ensuing conference, setting forth the fact that Methodism possessed an episcopacy in the persons of Drs. Coke and Mather, whom Mr. Wesley had ordained as "superintendents," and proposing that without any avowed separation from the Church of England "there be an order of superintendents appointed by the conference, by whom all the lay preachers who desire, and all who should thereafter be admitted into full connection, should be ordained." It was also proposed that "superintendents" Coke and Mather should ordain six other "superintendents," who should preside respectively over eight districts, into which the connection should be divided, their jurisdiction being subject to annual change at the pleasure of the conference. This would have given British Methodism the same form of episcopacy as that possessed by American Methodism; and besides the numerous practical advantages accruing therefrom, would have had the merit of being in accordance with Mr. Wesley's "plan." Nevertheless, the proposition of the Lichfield memorialists was rejected, partly because it would have set up an order or aristocracy among the preachers themselves, of which thing, both in Church and state, these Englishmen thought they had somewhat too much already.

In the height of the general excitement over the Bristol usurpation, the war of the circulars, the Killhamite republican constitution, and the rejection of the "Episcopal Plan," the conference of 1795 assembled at Manchester. Realizing the momentous issues which were pending, the conference commenced its session with a day of solemn fasting and prayer, after which a committee of nine was chosen to draft some plan for adjusting the differences that threatened the existence of the body. The method of electing this committee was as follows:

Each member of the conference received nine slips of paper, on each of which he was to write one name, with the understanding that the nine men whose names appeared on the largest number of papers should constitute the proposed committee. This vote resulted in the choice of Joseph Bradford (who was president of the conference), John Pawson, Alexander Mather, Thomas Coke (who was secretary), William Thompson (the author of the "Halifax Circular,"), Samuel Bradburn, Joseph Benson, Henry Moore, and Adam Clarke. The committee represented all shades of opinion, and the list of names is interesting on two accounts: First, as showing who were actually the nine chief men among the Methodist preachers of that day; and second, as indicating the dignity and position of the Lichfield memorialists, by whom the "Episcopal Plan" had been presented the previous year. Of the nine members of this committee, six, namely, Pawson, Mather, Coke, Bradburn, Moore, and Clarke, were members of the little council at Lichfield, which only comprised eight men.

Meanwhile the voluntary lay representatives of the High-church property party were making any thing but a creditable exhibition of themselves. The devil of dissension goeth not forth except by prayer and fasting, and the laymen had not followed the example of the conference in that respect. They had come up from the various societies throughout the connection, which they were able to strangle or control, but found themselves unable to do either with the whole Methodist Conference. They met and they

wrangled until they split into two opposing factions, which then held separate sessions; but they brought forth nothing but wind. The conference treated them with every possible courtesy, receiving their demands and replying to them, until at length the committee above mentioned brought in their famous "Plan of Pacification," which was finally adopted unanimously by the conference, and also by a majority of the lay delegates. This famous plan provided that the sacraments should be continued wherever they had already been administered, but that in order to such service in any new place the consent of the conference should first be obtained. This consent should not be given unless it were asked by a majority of the chapel trustees and of the stewards of the society in question, or by a majority of the stewards alone in cases where the societies possessed no chapels.

Another bone of contention had been the question of holding Wesleyan meetings during the hours of Church service. This also was referred to the local trustees and stewards, but no society was to celebrate the Lord's-supper on the same day and hour at which it was celebrated at the parish church, and no preacher was to be permitted to officiate at the Lord's-table except those who had been duly authorized by the conference for that office. It was provided that the Lord's-supper should always be administered according to the form of the Established Church, but the person who administered it should have full liberty to give out hymns and use exhortations and extempore prayer; and also that whenever divine service was performed in England on the Lord's-day in Church hours the officiating preacher should either read the service of the Established Church, Mr. Wesley's "abridgment" thereof, or at least the lessons appointed by the calendar.

There was another section to this famous "Plan of Pacification" "concerning discipline," which provided that the appointment of the preachers should remain wholly with the conference; that no trustees or any board of trustees should expel or exclude from their chapel or chapels any preacher so appointed,

that an offending preacher who was believed by a majority of the trustees or stewards or elders to be "immoral, erroneous in doctrine, or deficient in abilities," should be tried by a court comprising all the preachers of his district, and trustees and stewards and elders of the circuit to which he belonged, and if adjudged guilty by a majority of this court he was to be removed, and the district to appoint another preacher in his place to serve until the next session of the conference. In order to prevent further mischief of the kind which this plan was intended to correct, it was finally agreed that any preacher who should disturb the peace of the society by discussions of the relative merits of the "new or old plan," should be tried as above; and any local preacher, trustee, or steward or elder convicted of a like offense by the circuit conference should be expelled from the society. Thus peace was established and war declared against any member who ventured to disturb it.

In order that there might be a well-understood basis for the operation of this new "plan," Mr. John Pawson set about compiling and codifying the proceedings and decisions of the Wesleyan conferences from the annual minutes thereof, which compilation, under the name of the "Large Minutes" was reported to, and adopted by, the conference of 1797, all the preachers present except one signing a declaration solemnly engaging to comply with this code of laws "as essential to the existence of Methodism." Thus the conference became possessed of a written constitution, which, with various additions and amendments, remains in force to this day.

In the matter of ordinations, however, an important change was effected by the conference of 1834. Hitherto that service had been regarded as a mere form, but its manifest propriety, as well as the almost universal custom of Christendom, at length prevailed in the Wesleyan body, and the thirty young men who were that year received were ordained by the laying on of hands of the president of the conference, assisted by the ex-president and the secretary, the fol-

lowing formula being invented for the occasion:

"Mayest thou receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Christian minister now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands, and be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of his holy sacraments, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

This form of ordination is still in use by the Wesleyan Methodists, who, though steadily refusing to be called "Dissenters," hereby most conspicuously show their dissent, not only from the scheme of the English Prayer Book but from the precepts and practice of him whose name they bear.

Believers in strong government could hardly fail to be pleased with this Methodist constitution, the discussion of whose origin, merits, or authority was set down as an offense, for which the culprit, on conviction, should be expelled from the society; and, in view of the excited state of the English people caused by political commotions, similar to those which in France were so rapidly tending to revolution, as well as on account of the internal dissensions of the Methodist societies themselves, it was no wonder that in some cases this pacification failed to pacify. Mr. Alexander Kilham, already referred to as the leader of a party in England similar to that now represented by the "*Methodist*" newspaper in New York, had denounced the "Plan of Pacification" as a clerical usurpation of the rights of the laity, which as intelligent Christians and free-born Britons they were bound in honor to resist. As a matter of course, the conference had no alternative but to try him for dissension, and after giving him space for repentance, which space he used for quite another purpose, the extreme penalty of the conference law was executed upon him in 1796; whereupon Mr. William Thompson of "Halifax Circular" fame, and four other disaffected brothers, joined themselves to him, and these six preachers set up what they called "The New Connection," in which they sought to carry into effect their own democratic views of Church government. But for this the time was not yet ripe; the

movement failed to prosper, and two of the five, namely, Michael Emmett and Henry Taylor, not long after returned to the conference, confessing themselves sadly disappointed in their new leader and his new scheme. Thus the British Conference, under the "Plan of Pacification" gained its first notable victory.

The Wesleyan movement having now safely weathered the point where its enemies had hoped to see it wrecked, and where, indeed, for want of a little more true Wesleyanism they had narrowly escaped going to pieces, entered upon an era of fame and success which seemed to bode misfortune to the Established Church under the labors of such men as Benson, Bramwell, and Olivers, in England; Ouseley and Graham, in Ireland; Jones and Davis, in Wales. The three kingdoms were during the fifteen years immediately succeeding the death of Mr. Wesley, lighted up with glorious revivals of religion. Already Jabez Bunting and Richard Watson were beginning to show great promise of power. Dr. Adam Clarke, by his almost unequalled Oriental scholarship, was bringing honor to the Wesleyan body; while Dr. Coke, who was a whole missionary society in himself, was extending his outposts through destitute regions at home and abroad, collecting money, which he supplemented by large gifts of his own, finding out suitable men, whom he sent forth to preach the Gospel in destitute regions in Britain, as well as in foreign parts, and keeping the whole body astir by the brilliancy of his efforts and the splendor of his success,—a man of true apostolic spirit and the brightest ornament of Methodist history after John Wesley himself.

Certain anxious partisans of the State Church had tried to stamp out this Methodist fire, but they only succeeded in spreading it more widely; then they tried letting it alone, but it still kept spreading, till in the year 1800 one of the British reviews began to toll the alarm bell. After saying that the Methodist body had increased during the past thirty years from 29,000 to 109,000, the writer of the article exclaims:

"How long will it be before this people be

gins to count hands with the Establishment? No works in this country," he continues, "are so widely circulated, and studied by so many thousand readers, as the Evangelical and Methodist Magazines," which periodicals, he affirms, "produce evil, nothing but evil; tend to narrow the judgment, debase the intellect, and harden the heart." What class of articles published in these magazines was calculated to produce such mournful effects this writer does not stop to inform us, and it is somewhat remarkable that with such general study of such bad literature the Methodist body should have kept on growing in grace, as it seems to have done. Furthermore, this same Jeremiah goes on to lament that Methodism has "a confederated and indefatigable priesthood, who barely tolerate literature, and actually hate it." Again, "their systems and ideas are a mil-dewing superstition, blasting all genius in the bud, and withering every flower of loveliness and of innocent enjoyment." It is but charitable to suppose that this reviewer was not acquainted with the subject on which he was writing. The only fact of which he seems to be cognizant is that the Methodists are becoming alarmingly numerous; and, taking counsel of his envy and jealousy, he pours out this complaint in the interest of the Establishment. He probably was not intimate with the leaders of the Methodists, some of whom, in genius and scholarship, were among the foremost men of the times. He probably had not visited the Wesleyan Book Room, or seen the itinerant preachers riding their wide circuits, their saddle-bags stuffed with "literature," and a book lying upon the horn of the saddle before them.

Six years later the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the projectors of the *Edinburgh Review*, groans out this sad confession:

"The Methodists have made an alarming inroad into the Church, and they are attacking the army and navy. The principality of Wales and the East India Company they have already acquired. All mines and subterranean places belong to them; they creep into hospitals and small schools;" and his indignation waxes high over what he calls

"the dreadful pillage of the poor by the Methodists," citing in proof thereof the fact that "a poor man with a family, earning only twenty-eight shillings a week, had made two donations of ten guineas each to the missionary fund!"

It was high time something was done to prevent these terrible Methodists from saving so many sinners; their success was shaming the Establishment itself! Accordingly, in May, 1811, Lord Sidmouth, in the House of Lords, moved for leave to bring in a bill which he called "An Act to explain and render more effectual certain Acts of the First Year of King William and Queen Mary, and of the Nineteenth Year of the Reign of His Present Majesty, so far as the same relates to Protestant Dissenting Ministers." The noble lord explained that the "Act of Toleration" had been so construed that a great many persons had obtained licenses to preach who were not well qualified for such work. He lamented the great increase of the dissenting ministers, and declared it to be his belief that no person ought to be allowed to preach who was not in "holy orders," and the regular pastor of some local congregation. This was plainly a blow at the Wesleyan itinerants, who, with their friends, were not slow to take alarm. In the agitation which followed this attempt to suppress religious liberty, the following significant figures were brought out:

Total number of churches and chapels of the	
Church of England.....	2,547
Total number of dissenting chapels.....	3,457
Balance against the Establishment.....	910

Thus the Established Church was only in a political sense "the Church of England:" in reality it was the Church of only about two-fifths of England. Lord Sidmouth was evidently too late with his bill. It belonged to an age that was passed—the age of the "Five Mile Act" and the "Act of Toleration." The State Church, with all its prestige of wealth, power, and tradition, was already in the minority, and this attempt of the minority to abridge the rights of the majority in matters where men were beginning to feel themselves free and equal, awoke such a storm of indignation that the House

which had given the noble lord permission to bring in his bill, presently gave him permission to take it out again; and on the 29th of July, 1812, a "Civil Liberty Bill" passed both houses of Parliament, and received the king's approval, recognizing "the inalienable right of every man to worship God agreeably to the dictates of his own conscience, and that he has the right to hear and teach those truths which he conscientiously believes, without any restraint or prejudicial interference from the civil magistrates, provided he does not thereby disturb the peace of the community." Such was the answer of Great Britain to the narrow judgment of State Church partisans, and the whine of small-souled ecclesiastics like those writers in the *Edinburgh Review*.

It is interesting to notice with what steady loyalty the British Wesleyan Conference, as a body, adhered to what there was left of their churchmanship. Perhaps it was on this very account that they had won a victory over the small minority of extremists in the Establishment, and had secured the voice of the king and the vote of Parliament in defense of their rights as religious worshippers.

The great body of Methodists and the great body of British Episcopalians have always been in a good degree of accord, and to maintain this friendly relation toward the Mother Church the leaders of the British Conference have been ready to sacrifice some of their brethren. In the year 1832, at which time the Rev. Jabez Bunting was the leading spirit in the conference, a man who most nearly resembled John Wesley of any of his spiritual descendants, one of the ex-presidents of the conference, the Rev. Joseph Reyner Stephens, headed a movement called "The Church Separation Society," whose object was to secure "the immediate and total separation of the Church from the state, so that all penal statutes affecting religious liberty, and all compulsory payments for religious purposes shall forever cease in his majesty's dominions." Here was a new issue not foreseen; but the conference fell back upon the half-dishonored traditions of their great founder,

and remembering that Mr. Wesley had desired them to maintain their loyalty both to Church and state, they treated Mr. Stephens as a malcontent and an enemy, and warned him to resign the secretaryship of the Church Separation Society, on pain of suspension from his circuit. But he was as firm in his views as Bunting and his followers were in theirs. He knew, of course, that the vast majority of the people of England were of his opinion; for why should two-thirds of the church-goers of the United Kingdom be taxed for the support of a Church whose ministry they never attended? In response, therefore, to this threat of the conference, Stephens raised the battle-cry of "Stop the supplies," which signified that the membership of the societies should starve the preachers out of their anomalous condition of semi-rebellion against, and semi-loyalty to, the Established Church of England.

But it was of no avail. There is a sword which appertains to the office of ruler in the Church, and this implement the conference, under the leadership of Mr. Bunting and Isaac Newton, now felt constrained to use. Here was a Methodist preacher guilty of seeking actual independence of the Establishment. What a crime! He would have members of the Methodist societies excused from paying tithes to the Establishment. What treason against the State Church! He would have the Wesleyan Conference assert its full independence. What contumacy and folly! Upon this the sword of the conference was lifted, and the anti-Church Methodist preacher was offered this alternative: "Either repent in writing, and pledge your abstinence from anti-Church agitation, or be cut off from the Methodist Connection." The sword was suspended over him for a year, in order to allow him full time to save his head. But Mr. Stephens, being in hot blood, and full of it, at once resigned his place in the body, and the entry was accordingly made in the conference minutes of 1834, "Joseph R. Stephens has retired from our work." Thus was maintained the nominal harmony of Wesleyan Methodism with the Established Church of Eng-

land. Though just what that degree of harmony might be worth with a body which utterly repudiated them, and the functions of whose clergy their unordained ministers were assuming, it would be somewhat difficult to estimate. The "Great Jabez," as Mr. Bunting was called by the Stephens party, laid down the sword close under his hand, not knowing how soon it might be wanted again; but the next agitator who appeared was not disposed to risk his head as his predecessor had done. His plan was to restrain the arm which wielded that sword, and place the right of private judgment of Methodist preachers under the protection of the British Common law.

Dr. Samuel Warren, superintendent of the first Manchester Circuit, an able member of the Connection, was suspended by the Manchester District Meeting for a course of conduct similar to that of Mr. Stephens; but the doctor refused to acknowledge the power of the district to suspend him from exercising the right of free speech, in which exercise, as it appears, he had been remarkably free; and he applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against Robert Newton, who had taken his place on the Manchester Circuit, and against the trustees of the chapel from which he had been excluded. Here again appeared the shade of John Wesley. In his deed of settlement no right of appeal to the civil courts against the action of the conference had been allowed the individual members thereof, and the conference, taking their stand upon this deed, joined issue with Dr. Warren in the courts of law. The vice-chancellor, Sir Launcelot Shadewell, before whom the case was argued, sustained the district meeting, and availed himself of the occasion to pronounce an opinion of the character of the Methodist Connection, as follows:

"I do not think that any question can be deemed or considered of a trifling nature which concerns the well-being—I may also say the existence—of a body such as that which is composed of the Wesleyan Methodists. It is my firm belief that to that body we are indebted for a large portion of the religious feeling which exists among the

general body of the community, not only of this country, but throughout a great portion of the civilized world besides. When, also, I recollect that the society owes its origin and first formation to an individual so eminently distinguished as the late John Wesley, and when I remember that from time to time there have arisen out of this body some of the most able and distinguished individuals that ever graced and ornamented any society whatever—I may name one for all, the late Dr. Adam Clarke—I must come to the conclusion that no persons who have any proper understanding of what religion is, and regard for it, can look upon the general body of Wesleyan Methodists without the most affectionate interest and concern."

Warren and his anti-state Church associates were confounded at first by the decision of the vice-chancellor, but they resolved to carry the case by appeal to the lord chancellor. This they did; and on the 25th of March, 1835, in the presence of a great concourse of Methodists, among whom the most intense excitement prevailed—since upon his judgment depended the possibility of maintaining the dictatorship of the conference over the property of the Connection—the chancellor delivered his judgment in an elaborate review of the Methodist polity as set forth in Wesley's Deed of Declaration, and as exemplified in the history of conference action. When it was perceived what his conclusion must be, deep, but controlled emotion prevailed throughout the assembly; many good Methodists wept for joy; and when he finally pronounced that "the judgment of the vice-chancellor must be confirmed," it was felt that a momentous era in Methodism had been reached, that the broad seal of English law had been stamped upon the legislation of John Wesley; and that the powers and possessions of the British Wesleyan Conference which he had founded were now, beyond peradventure, secure.

At the next conference session Dr. Warren appeared in his own defense. He was listened to with that quiet, calm, terrible courtesy with which the judges listen when they ask the prisoner in the dock if he has

anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him. When he had finished, the sword was raised, solemnly and sternly, and off rolled the head of another Methodist preacher, whose ambition may have outrun his opportunities, and whose wisdom may not have kept pace with his zeal, but whose offense at this distance of time and space seems scarcely to have merited so stern a punishment, since he was only seeking to defend his rights as an Englishman against a conference which had itself violated both the letter and the spirit of Mr. Wesley's prescribed form of Methodist Church government.

This judgment of the vice chancellor, sustained by the lord chancellor, whereby John Wesley's Deed of Settlement became a part of the law of the realm, still further strengthened the bonds which bound the Methodist Conference to the British Government. From that time the world has had fair notice that Wesleyan ministers must not be Dissenters in any such sense or degree as would lead them to take sides with any malcontents against the State Church.

The expulsion of Dr. Warren by the British Conference after he had been non-suited before the lord chancellor, did not fail to be noticed and approved in State Church circles. "The Wesleyans are irregular," said the prelates; "but John Wesley was one of us, and his followers are evidently our friends." There was no such tie binding any other body of Dissenters to the Establishment. It was not possible to measure the distance by which Baptists or Independents were removed from Protestant Episcopalianism; but in the case of the Wesleyans the distance had been measured again and again, and this is the extent thereof, namely: If the Wesleyan ministers will consent to be re-ordained by the bishops of the Church, the whole body may be regarded as part and parcel thereof. Against this assumption the British Conference still silently demurs. But the weakness of their ecclesiastical position, the un-Wesleyan as well as the un-Churchly status of their clergy, the irregular method of their ordination, which evidently was a mere provision

for an emergency, and the fact that the chief body of Methodists on earth possess, and glory in, a perfect Wesleyan Episcopal succession, are facts which must claim the attention of all lovers of Methodist unity.

Was John Wesley a Greek bishop by the imposition of the hands of Erasmus? Was he rightfully an English bishop by reason of his actual and providential office as superintendent in the Church wherein he held the orders of deacon and presbyter? And is an ordination through his line a valid one, entitling those who bear it to be accounted as in the regular apostolic succession? These questions have usually been answered by the English Church in the negative.

Can the British Conference so far humiliate itself as to renounce its clerical status? This question, too, seems likely to receive a negative reply. The Wesleyans in England, then, are in fact Dissenters. They have no Wesleyan Episcopal ordination—the clearest and most apostolic line of succession now in existence—and they have thus far refused to seek or receive ordination from the State Church with which they claim to be in a kind of "half-way covenant." American Methodism is episcopal, with a Wesleyan succession. British Wesleyans, then, are also Dissenters as respects the Methodist Episcopal Church. Where, then, is the possibility of Methodist unity? Manifestly the first step thereto is the universal recognition of the Wesleyan Episcopal succession, and the Wesleyan ordination, not *re-ordination*, of all Methodist ministers who are not now in the true Wesleyan line. By this, and by this only, can the unity of the largest body of Christians on earth be formally and really established. With this great result once reached the episcopacy of Christendom is not that of Rome or Antioch or Canterbury, but that of the unified millions of Methodists, whose ministry preaches the theology, works the methods, cherishes the spirit, and realizes the purposes of him who under God has been given to the world in these last days as the chief religious leader of mankind. Will the coming Ecumenical Council face this question and bring order out of this confusion?

THE APOSTLES PETER AND JOHN.

THE apostles Peter and John were intimate friends. We find them associated at the Transfiguration and in Gethsemane. They were specially chosen by their Lord to be witnesses both of his glory and his grief. But on those occasions a third person was with them; at other times we find them alone. James and John were sent together from Bethany to Jerusalem to prepare the passover. They were together again at the hall of Caiaphas on the eventful night of the betrayal. Though at first "all the disciples forsook him and fled," there were two who followed afar off. John was known to the household of the high-priest. His father Zebedee was a master fisherman, was assisted by "hired servants," and was probably in a large way of business. John may have often gone to the capital to sell the fish sent up from the Lake of Galilee. It was thus, perhaps, that he became known to the servants, who readily admitted him. But Peter was a stranger, and when the damsel who kept the door objected to let him pass in, John spoke to her and obtained entrance for his friend. They were again together at the sepulcher, for when Mary went to tell the good news to the disciples she met Peter and John on their way. The younger disciple outran Peter, and stood, lost in wondering contemplation, outside the sepulcher, while his more eager friend, on coming up, straightway entered. Afterwards we find them together fishing, and when Jesus appeared on the shore, John, with the quick discernment of love, said, "It is the Lord;" and Peter, in the fervor of his zeal, threw himself into the sea and swam to shore. Jesus called Peter aside, and John went after him. "When Peter saw the disciple whom Jesus loved also following, he said, Lord, and what shall this man do?" Soon after the day of Pentecost we see them again together in intimate companionship of worship and work. "Peter and John went up into the temple to pray." It seems to have been their habit. They shared in the miracle then wrought, in the proclama-

tion of the Gospel which accompanied it; and in the persecution which followed. They were captured together, and together passed the night in prison, the first examples of persecution in the Christian Church. After that night together in the dungeon they stood together before the sanhedrim, were together threatened, and both declared that they would hearken to God rather than to man. Their attachment to each other seems to have been recognized when the council at Jerusalem sent them together to Samaria after the successful preaching of Philip.

How may this intimate friendship be accounted for? They were not brothers, though each had a brother. Peter's own brother was Andrew, and John's was James. Yet the brothers were not in such close intimacy. Without neglecting any of the duties of blood-relationship, and without any want of natural affection, there are affinities of mind and heart which are more attractive and cohesive than family ties. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

How may we account for the attraction in the present case? It is said that Peter and John were so different in character that they were mutually attractive, like the opposite poles of magnets, one supplying that which the other lacked. Peter, we are reminded, was all fervor and zeal, John all love and contemplation. We see the ardor of Peter when he walked on the water; when he protested against Christ's sufferings; when he declared that if all the rest forsook Jesus, he would not; when he, single-handed, drew his sword and smote a servant of the high-priest; when he entered the sepulcher; when he swam to shore; and when he took the lead in the events of Pentecost. We are impressed with the tender and contemplative character of John by the title of "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" by his leaning on the Lord's breast at supper; by his detailed reports of his Master's discourses, and his tender exhortations in

his epistles—"Little children, love one another."

But may not this difference be overstated? Peter was ardent in zeal, but he had also, like John, great depth of love. Was it not because of his love that with John he was selected to behold the transfiguration? and was it not because of his sympathy he was chosen to witness and share the agony of the garden? When we read, "Whom having not seen we love," and "Love one another with a pure heart fervently," might we not suppose that John, rather than Peter, was the writer? There was much of love and contemplativeness in Peter for such a one as John to sympathize with.

And John, with all his tender love, was ardent and zealous. He and his brother were called Boanerges—sons of thunder. They asked that lightning might consume a certain Samaritan village. John forbade a man for presuming to cast out devils, he not being one of the apostolic company. He boldly entered the court of Caiaphas, and stood beneath the cross, and outran Peter on the morning of the resurrection. It was in his old age that he recorded the tender discourses long cherished in his loving heart, and wrote the affectionate letters which bear his name; but in earlier days, when he was in close alliance with Peter, the force of Boanerges was seen in the glowing imagery, the gorgeous predictions, the awful threatenings of the Apocalypse. There was in John sufficient ardor for one like Peter to sympathize with. Peter, affectionate and contemplative, was chiefly characterized by fervor and zeal. John, fervent and zealous, was chiefly characterized by affection and contemplativeness. Each could understand the other; each could be helped by the other. Entire opposites are not conducive to the closest friendship. There should be in each some capacity to understand and admire what is prominent in the other; there should be in each that which can supply something less strongly developed in the other.

The friendship of Peter and John would be strengthened by the circumstances in which they were placed. After they had

together witnessed the transfigured person of their Lord, and listened to the voice proclaiming him to be the well-beloved Son of God; and after they had together witnessed the great agony, had together been overcome by sleep, and together been aroused by the touching appeal of their Lord in his great anguish, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" they must have felt the ties of friendship binding them together far more closely than before.

It is interesting to note the freedom of their friendship from jealousy. Christ had addressed to Peter words which, under any interpretation, conveyed a high encomium: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church. I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." We do not read that John resented this. John, on his part, was distinguished by special marks of his Lord's affection; yet Peter gives way to no ill-feeling because his friend was spoken of as the disciple whom Jesus loved.

Alas! how often is friendship marred by mean and miserable jealousies! What unhappiness is caused in families when one child thinks another is more loved and esteemed, when it may be only that different characters induce a different treatment. The peace of society is often disturbed by one person being angry because different qualifications have led to different positions and employments. Many a Sunday-school, many a Christian Church has been thus troubled. But should not higher attainments and warmer zeal, leading to more honorable labors and greater usefulness, make all who are friends together of the same Lord rejoice? As Peter and John, so let us delight in the honor of our friends; and let us esteem as our friends all who are the friends of Christ.

When Peter and John went into the temple a cripple was made whole. Peter spoke the word of healing, but he gave equal honor to John, saying, "Why look ye on us as though by our own power or goodness we had made this man whole?" And John was content to be silent and stand by approving, while Peter took the most prominent place. So let us, on the one hand, not

seek to monopolize honor for ourselves, but to render it to others generously; and, on the other hand, let us, if in positions less prominent, rejoice in the greater activity and honor of those whose zeal in the Master's cause has greater opportunity of development.

Contemplating Peter and John in the Temple together, let us notice,

1. Their common poverty. "Silver and gold have I none." We know the old story of the pope, who, when much treasure was brought in, remarked, "We can not say with Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none;'" to which the response was made, "Neither can we say, 'Arise and walk.'" When the so-called successors of the apostles are able to perform the miracles of apostles, they may with less impropriety claim to have inherited their authority.

2. Their common wealth. "Such as I have." They possessed Christ and his salvation. This made them rich beyond silver and gold. Happy they whose earthly friendships have Christ for their center, and heaven for the home of their perfect development.

3. Their common work. "Arise and walk." These friends wrought miracles in the name of Jesus.

Miracles on the body we have ceased to expect. But there are moral miracles

wrought on the soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, in connection with the truth of Christ. Happy they who, whether rich or poor in this world, have a friend with whom they delight to worship and to work, each aiding, strengthening, and encouraging the other.

Happy they who, to supplement and soften, without lessening their ardor, have a friend with a meditateness and tenderness of John. Happy they who, to give energy and direction to contemplative piety, have a friend with the impulsive ardor of Peter. Happy they who, as Peter and John, with blended sympathies, go up to the house of God in company and provoke one another to love and good works. Especially happy are they, beyond all pleasure that silver and gold could purchase, who have a friend and brother in Jesus, who always go up with him to the temple, who always find him when they enter into their closet and shut the door, and who, in every work and labor of love, are conscious of his help, and know that they are "workers together" with him. Happy they who rejoice in hope of that glorious future, when the rapture of divine worship and service will be enhanced by uninterrupted sympathy and perfected friendship with all of every age and every land, who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

THE WISE MEN.

THE traveler who, amid the elevating grandeur of the Gothic perfection of Cologne Cathedral, steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, pays his admission fee to the shrine of the three kings, gazes with mingled pity and contempt on the curiously wrought plates of gilded silver covered with gems, cameos, and real or imitation precious stones which inclose three ghastly skulls, may be absolved from undue curiosity if he experience a passing desire to know not only their traditional history as told by custodians and written in guide-books, but the seed-truth out of which the myths of the

centuries have sprung. Those who trace in the Twelfth Night festivities of England, France, and other Old World countries, the election by lot or otherwise of a King of the Revels, the presentation of gifts which we have gradually transferred to Christmas, but which in Italy are still supposed to be placed in the stockings hung up on Twelfth Night, by a bunchy old woman called the Befanie, the burning of odoriferous tapers and the lighting of the Epiphany star, must desire to know something worth knowing about the so-called "kings," who gave to the festivities in

France the title of *La fée des Rois*. And still another class, looking through the stained glass windows of symbolism into the holy arcana of the faith, and there seeing in the Ehipany festival the first manifestation of the Christ to the Gentile world, so long groaning and travailing in pain for his coming, and the door thenceforward set wide open for all of us their descendants to enter in, would fain know more than has yet been known concerning these "wise men."

Perhaps the "wish being father to the thought" led to the invention of the mass of tradition which has been piled together, in order to bridge the gulf left by the absence of facts concerning these early actors in New Testament history. The most connected legendary account of them was collected by Johannes von Hildebrand in 1375, to this effect:

A prophecy that a star should arise out of Jacob, early made by a heathen (possibly Zoroaster, probably Balaam), had for centuries been current throughout the East, in consequence of which star gazers or astrologers were kept constantly on the watch for its appearance. A high tower was built in India, on which twelve astrologers relieved each other night and day. When, at length, the expected star appeared it bore in it the figure of a cross in the center of which was a little child and a distinctly audible voice proceeded from it saying: "This day there is born a king in Judea."

Simultaneously with this marvel, Melchior, king of Arabia, his name signifying red with gold; Balthazar, king of Saba, the native country of frankincense; and Caspar, king of Tharsis, where myrrh grows most abundantly, the three countries comprising India, but being separated by high mountain ranges, each saw the star, and set out, accompanied by a large retinue (another account gives the number as one thousand each, seven thousand reserve having been left on the banks of the Euphrates). They all arrived at the Holy City at the same time, Melchior and his followers occupying Mount Calvary, Balthazar appearing upon the Mount of Olives, and Caspar, with his host, lying in the valley between. All were

enormously rich, having in their possession the treasures which once belonged to the queen of Sheba, Solomon, and Alexander the Great, and which having descended to them they now brought to offer to the wonderful child. On meeting, each supposed the other a band of enemies, but explanations ensuing, the kings embraced, gave thanks, and together proceeded to the manger of the infant, where the exceeding brightness of the star which stood still above him, together with the inherent light flashing from the child, so dazzled and astonished them that they forgot the great speeches they had been concocting by the way, forgot to offer their manifold treasures, and each seizing what came first, flung at his feet gold, frankincense, and myrrh, receiving in return, charity for gold, faith for incense, and meekness for myrrh; worshiped, and returned spreading their glad tidings wherever they went. On reaching home (one account says they went by ship), each erected a temple marked by a cross, a child, and a star, which St. Thomas saw with astonishment on his first visit to India forty years later. Afterwards becoming old and infirm, they repaired to St. Thomas, reaching him by another coincidence the same day, were ordained to the priesthood, built a city, where they lived and preached together for two years, when Melchior died and was buried in a splendid mausoleum. Balthazar, soon following, was laid by his side, and when Caspar was deposited in the same tomb the two bodies moved apart to make room for him between them. Here the three kings slept quietly for centuries, till with the Oriental visit of the pious Empress Helena, their story became history. She purchased their remains from the Christians of India, took them to Constantinople, and deposited them with great pomp in the Church of St. Sophia or Holy Wisdom. During the apostasy of Julian they fell into disrepute, but rose again into favor under his pious successor, were bestowed upon Milan as a special mark of the emperor's favor, and were carried off by Frederick of the red beard and redder hand in 1162, when Rainaldo, bishop of Cologne, prevailed upon the

emperor to place them in the old cathedral of Bishop Hildebold, whence they were transferred to the new edifice commenced by Conrad of Hochsteden, 1250-1270, and here they have since remained.

So much for one version of the legendary history of the wise men, of which, of course, there are others, differing more or less in whole or part. Some have given a double number of magi, some mention even twelve, and make them all the dwellers in one country, selecting Arabia (Psalm lxx, 10-13, and Isaiah lx, 6); Mesopotamia, the seat of Chaldean astrology; Egypt, the country of magic, Persia, and Parthia as their home. The "venerable Bede," of England, is the first to record their names and describe their appearance and nationalities. Melchior, a descendant of Shem, was an old man, with long hair and a white beard; Caspar, a ruddy and beardless youth, a descendant of Ham; and Balthazar, middle-aged and swarthy, is descended from Japheth. They have thus become the representatives of three divisions of the world and of three periods of life, while their threefold offerings have been considered typical of the triune nature of Him to whom they were presented.

Turning now to the only historical account we have of the visit of the magi, in the second chapter of Matthew, we are struck at once by its simple coherency, absence of confusing detail, and subordination of the minor interest connected with the visitors themselves to the glory of Him whose kingship and divinity they came to attest. In the days of Herod the king there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem. How long was this after the nativity? Commentators have estimated the time variously from two weeks to four months, but Scripture does not say.

The crowd which led to the manger birth had so diminished that they "were come into the house when they saw the young child." The tradition of the Church has fixed the period at twelve days; and some, arguing from the length of a day's journey, have attempted to settle where in the *East* the journey commenced.

Who were these wise men, mentioned with a vagueness which has led some to sup-

pose that the evangelist himself did not know? Professor Francis W. Upham, LL. D., in his interesting and comprehensive treatise, "The Wise Men," attempts to prove by a long series of investigations into the meaning of Scripture references and by a careful consideration of historical facts added to a comparison of probabilities, that so far from speaking with a vagueness which leaves the door open for all kinds of conjecture, the evangelist, in his condensed statement, tells us distinctly who the visitors were, and definitely whence they came. The word magi, lost to us by the substitution of "wise men" in our English version, signified to the world of the Roman Empire two things: that is, primarily, the sacerdotal caste of Persia, dignified, noble, and scientific, as science was then understood; and secondarily charlatans, or "sorcerers" (Soph., *Æd. Tyr.* 387; Acts viii, 9, and xiii, 8), who, in imitation of these sages, practiced the arts of magic and poisoning. Originally the magi were a religious caste of the Persians, reckoned by Herodotus among the six tribes of the Medes. In Jeremiah they appear among the retinue of the Chaldean king. Some Orientalists consider them to have been the representatives of a more ancient Scythian or Turanian race dwelling in the country conquered by the Aryan Medes. The religion of these magi has been largely but erroneously confounded with that of Zoroaster, because upon the overthrow of Gomates, whom the magi attempted to place upon the throne, by Darius Hystaspes, they and their religion were proscribed, and the faith of the half-mythical Zoroaster, derived by the Persians from their Bactrian ancestors, officially established. No attempt to amalgamate the two religions had been made previous to the rule of Cyrus the Great. Nebuchadnezzar seems to have gathered around him all the wise men and religious teachers of the lands which he conquered, and these Median magi took their places among "the astrologers and star-gazers and monthly prognosticators," of whom Daniel accepted the leadership when he became "Rabmag," or chief magician. Under Xerxes and during the decline of the Persian monarchy

they continued to hold their position; they perpetuated themselves as an order under the Parthian kings, and rose to fresh honor under the Sassanidæ. The knowledge of many occult arts was ascribed to them, and they were supposed to have inherited and treasured up all the lost learning of the Chaldeans and of the races which preceded them; hence the word *magi* came gradually to be regarded as a synonym for wise men. In this first, highest, or historical sense Upham argues, the Jewish nation, for whom Matthew was writing, accepted the term, and understood who were the magi that came to Jerusalem as we should understand if told that Brahmins had come to New York.

In understanding the true and, therefore, representative character of the magi we must remember that the Persians, whose priests they were, were not idolaters. They believed in Ahura Mazda, afterwards contracted to Ormuzd, whom they worshiped before a flame of fire, representative of his truth, and possibly originating in a tradition of revelation like that made to Moses in the burning bush. They recognized the perpetual war between good and evil, and looked forward to the fulfillment of the prediction of a Redeemer who should do away with death and raise the dead. Whether this expectation, which came to be shared with all the Orient, was a preservation by this ancient priesthood of the promise made in Eden, brought out of the ark, and scattered all over the plain of Shinar among those immediate progenitors of the chosen people abiding there, or that of Balaam, himself a heathen prophet, may be matter of question. Perhaps both may have taken definite form from the vision of Daniel, chief both of the Chaldeans and magi, through whose probable instrumentality the Persian Cyrus was led to publish the edict for the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem. And it may be that their knowledge of astronomy and mathematics led them to such exact calculations upon the data furnished by that vision of "a Messiah, a Prince," as to find them in a posture of ready obedience to the star which led them to the feet of the young

child, in recognizing whom as king their national and sacerdotal traditions would of necessity compel them to worship as divine. Their readiness to follow the star on this long, difficult, and unknown pilgrimage is easily accounted for from the distinguishing characteristic of the magi—a desire to search and find out God. "In nature they ever sought revelations of the supernatural; in human affairs, the superhuman."

The few known facts concerning the wise men who came from the East to Jerusalem in the time of Herod furnish grounds for identifying them with the descendants or successors of these ancient Medo-Persian magi. They were not idolaters; their name denotes that star-gazing must be a part of their profession; they say that they have seen a star which, recognizing as a prognostic of good to the nations, they follow to Judea, led either by the quarter in which it appeared or by the traditional prophecy of the star of Jacob, and possibly seeking the fulfillment of the Zoroastrian predictions of Torvish, the last and greatest of the three deliverers who should arise to conquer Ahri-man, to raise the dead, and to bring back peace and glory to the devastated earth. Their journey ended, their private interviews with Herod, in which they again affirm their faith in stellar influences, concluded, they once more follow the star from the East, and reaching the child and its mother, offer gifts which have the flavor of Oriental production and custom to suggest their probable derivation. When their mission is accomplished, they are warned of God in a dream to return to their own country another way. At once, with no reference to the command of Herod, and their implied promise, they are "obedient to the heavenly vision," and, true to the character of the magi, believers in and interpreters of dreams in all dynasties, Median, Babylonian, and Persian, they step forth from the light of history at once into the shadow-land of legend and myth.

In like manner, from a consideration of the geographical relations of the land from the Jordan to the Euphrates and beyond, as also from the colloquial use of the terms

East and West as denoting special localities, both among the Jews and in our own country, Mr. Upham argues that "the East," in which the star was first seen, lay between the Euphrates and the mountains along the left bank of the Tigris and the Persian Gulf; while the definite "Far East," from which the magi are said to have come, the word being used in a different form in the two places, was the high plateau of Persia, between the Caspian Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the Persian Gulf, the Aryan land called by its inhabitants Iran, and more definitely marked out by the name thus given than it would have been by any of its successive and constantly changing titles, or even by that of the Persian tribe whose sovereignty had ceased three hundred years before the time of Matthew.

Canon Farrar mentions among the causes which led to the journey of the wise men the opinions of Tacitus, Suetonius, Josephus, and other pagan and Jewish writers, "that a guilty and weary world was dimly expecting the advent of its deliverer," and sees nothing improbable in the fact that these eastern magi should have turned their steps to Jerusalem, especially if there were circumstances to awaken an expectation that these prophecies were nearing their fulfillment. St. Matthew tells us that the star seen in the East was the phenomenon which attracted their attention, and the discovery of Him whom it presaged the object of their journey. The theory of astronomical phenomena calculated to attract the attention of an astrological people occurring within a few years of what must on any calculation have been the period of the Nativity, was first suggested by Kepler, and was again advocated by Ideler (1826), and later by Encke (1831), the same being advanced by Rev. C. Pritchard some thirty years later.

On December 17, 1603, the superior planets, Saturn and Jupiter, were conjoined in the zodiacal sign of the Fishes in the watery trigon. They were joined by Mars in the fiery trigon in the Spring, and in September, 1604; a new star of the first magnitude appeared between Mars and Saturn, which disappeared gradually in March, 1606. Know-

ing how much importance a similar phenomenon would have in the eyes of astrologers, Kepler, by a series of backward calculations, discovered that the same conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in Pisces had happened no less than three times in the year A. U. C. 747, and his conclusion has been verified by a number of independent observers.

The appearance and disappearance of new stars is admitted beyond a doubt, and the appearance of one in connection with a similar conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars sixteen hundred years after the alleged appearance by Matthew is, to say the least, a singular coincidence, to which we may add that the Chinese are asserted to have preserved on their astronomical tables the record that a new star did appear at this very period. Without at all vouching for the truth of this latter statement, we may see that the unwonted conjunction would have been interpreted by the Chaldeans as the presage of some remarkable event, and its connection with Pisces, supposed to preside over the fortunes of Judea, would turn their attention in that direction. "The new star of the Anno Domini," says one, "is as well attested by the astronomers of yesterday as the new star of 1604 is witnessed to by Kepler and the astronomers of to-day, while the remarkable conjunction of planets occurring in a precisely similar connection, and possible only at periods of eight centuries, is enough to account for astrologers, as the magi undoubtedly were, unhesitatingly following the celestial guide till it came and stood over where the young child was."

The investigator who comes to the conclusion that the statement of Matthew is literally true, that magi in the Far East saw the star sent for their guidance, will be struck with the congruity of the divine choice of the representative heathen or Gentiles to whom the first Epiphany was made, since "from the people who had most faithfully kept the truth revealed to the fathers of mankind, from an order of sages over whom Daniel presided, from that country where Esther reigned a queen, came the witnesses of the nations to the cradle of the Lord."

Criticism hostile to the Gospel has busied itself largely with the visit of the magi. Luke's omission to mention it and the difficulty of harmonizing it with what he does mention have been brought forward to throw discredit on the account of St. Matthew. Our ignorance of most of the facts regulating the composition of the Gospels prevents our conclusively answering these objections; something is due to the different scope of the two Gospels, and it may be that Luke, knowing that St. Matthew was already current in the Churches, sought rather to add new facts than to repeat those already well-known.

Early Christian tradition has seen a special significance in the three gifts mentioned by Matthew, gold being an offering to the kingship, frankincense to the divinity, and myrrh to the human nature of our Lord; while others have read in them the gifts of the races, gold from Shem, myrrh from Ham, and incense from Japhet.

This visitation of the wise men has, from an early period, been considered as the first manifestation of the Christ to the Gentile world. So far as the sacred writers furnish us with any account, they were the first not strictly Israelites to bend in homage before Israel's king. And it is worthy at least of a passing thought that they were not idolaters, so that if there was in the event any of the symbolism which early and mediæval Christian speculation delighted in tracing, it was not heathenism doing obeisance to another god, but monotheism acknowledging by the nature of the worship rendered that the star-crowned child it had come so far to seek was not only truly royal but also "very God." Of the faith of these wise men Upham writes: "They preach forever that to faith wisdom is given. By faith they crossed plains, deserts, mountains, and journeyed far to the Holy City. The capital knew not its king. In little Bethlehem they found only a maiden mother tending an infant, yet with undaunted faith when they saw the young child they fell down and worshiped him."

In the Eastern Church the commemoration of the Epiphany was adopted prior to

that of the Nativity, with which, at a later period it was confounded, until the latter part of the fourth century, both being celebrated on January 6th, a feast day said to mark four events: 1. the birth of Christ; 2. his baptism exactly thirty-three years afterwards; 3. the coming of the wise men; and 4. the marriage in Cana of Galilee; each being considered as a special manifestation of the favor and power of the Father in and upon the divine Son. Light was the chief feature of the celebration. A central candle with twelve smaller tapers surrounding it, typical of Christ and the apostles, was lighted and water drawn from a certain well and carried to great distances for distribution among the Churches. Baptisms were frequently administered on this day, and from the Council of Nice, 325, it was set apart as one of the four canonical seasons for the administration of this rite. In the Western Church the feast of the Epiphany was observed separately from that of the Nativity and appropriated solely to the commemoration of the wise men, and engrafting upon its observances some of the customs of the Saturnalia, which occurred at the kalends of January or about the same time. Among these may be noted the selection of a king and queen by lot, which has maintained its place among Epiphany or Twelfth Night revels almost down to the present day, and the lighted candles, stars, and wheels which found easy acceptance among the northern nations, accustomed by their Norse religion to hail the happy passing over the dread Winter solstice and the presage of coming Spring with fiery demonstration of a like nature.

The first recorded mention of the festival of the Epiphany is by Ammianus Marcellinus (chap. xxi, 2), where he says that Julian kept the feast at Vienne in Gaul. The constitutions of Valerius, Theodosius, and Arcadius prove that it was kept January 6th, and it was enacted by both Theodosius II and Justinian, that no servile work should be done upon the day, and that public games and exhibitions should be suspended. For the various Twelfth Night customs which have continued to mark this

festival through all the intervening ages, the reader is referred to "Brand's Antiquities," "Hone's Every Day Book," and a host of volumes which will reward the diligent wader through seas of quaint verbosity with many curious and suggestive results. As late as 1730 the English king and his court repaired to the Chapel Royal in London, and offered there, according to immemorial precedent, gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh; but since that date the annual service is rendered by proxy.

Among many versions of the story of the wise men is one very widely circulated in Russia, interesting in many ways, not only for the moral lesson closely interwoven but also as showing how widely disseminated is the thought of the magi, and also how deeply rooted was the myth of the Wandering Jew in the belief of the Middle Ages. The three wise men, who were not kings attended by sumptuous retinues, but brother *savants*, poor as in all ages that fraternity are apt to be, traveling on foot as befitted their condition, arrived in the noonday heat—hungry, thirsty, and footsore—at a hut wherein dwelt a lonely woman, cumbered, like Martha, with much serving. To their wearily proffered requests she gave milk, water, goat's flesh and bread, while she washed their feet with alacrity and listened attentively to their learned and holy discourse as they rested during the sultry hours. But when at evening they rose to depart and offered as reward for her hospitality to take her with them in their search for the star-heralded king, she excused herself on the plea of her many cares and onerous household duties, and saw them depart, laughing to herself, perchance, at the fool's errand on which they were bound. Bearing the woman who had so hospitably entertained them no malice, on their return to their own country, not it would seem by "another way," they again visited her cottage and telling her of their visit to Herod, his evident acceptance of the kingship of the babe, the starry leading and the warn-

ing dream, dwelling still more on the marvelous beauty of the child, the mild benignancy of its mother, and the divinity stamped upon its infant brow, so inflamed her imagination that she instantly deserted all her household duties and set forth to see for herself. But alas! The way was unknown and her steps slow and feeble, and after nearly as many years of wandering as fell to the lot of the Israelites in the wilderness she reached the gates of Jerusalem, to be affrighted by the shadows thrown across her way of three crosses laden with their ghastly fruit, and to ask every wayfarer in vain for the manger of Bethlehem and the infant King. Finding at length that all were too much occupied with the present tragedy of the execution of three noted malefactors to answer her inquiries and that all her own searchings were fruitless, she left the city gates and disappeared in the darkness, with the words, "too late, too late."

Since then, it is said, she has wandered on through the ages, continuing her search for the Christ-child in every nation and clime, but of late years has confined herself to Russia, where she is known as the Babbouska or Baboushka (compare the Italian Belfiania). Every Christmas eve or Twelfth Night (the confusion between the two festivals still lingers) she takes some little child, carries it away, pets and cares for it, then looking eagerly and searchingly in its face, returns it to its parents loaded with clothes, money, and jewels and, murmuring sadly, "too late, too late," disappears till next year. So that if a boy is particularly manly or fortunate, or a girl especially amiable and beautiful, it is customary for the peasants to say of either, he or she has the Babbouska's blessing; while if a woman is too intent upon domestic cares to attend the Church services—a state of things, by the way, not common among the careless untidy Russian housewives—her neighbors, with a shrug, say, "Let her beware of the fate of the Babbouska."

SCOTCH SONGS.

A LEADING statesman of the present day has counseled young men to read not literature, but newspapers, as being the adequate means to a practical education. The poet Pope says, "Poetry and criticism are only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there." And again, "All the advantages I can think of, accruing from a genius for poetry, are the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone, the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people without being so severely remarked on."

An English poet has mourned in the following lines over the necessarily prosaic lot of the English poor:

O! England! "Merry England" styled of yore!
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter where?
The sweat of labor on the brow of care
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door.
The May-pole cheers the village green no more,
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas murmur rare;
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs,
And of the learned, which one, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise.

All these quotations are in utter discord with the taste and poetical history of the people of Scotland. We may apply to the national mind of Scotland the words of the spirit of poesy to Burns:

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar:
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky—
I saw grim nature's vision hoar,
Struck thy young eye.
Or when the deep green-mantled earth,
Warm-cherished every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove—
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth,
With boundless love.

The last two lines expressing the true poetic feeling, the power of eyeing "the gen'ral mirth" of nature "with boundless love," or deepest sympathy, express also the marvelous permeation of the spirit of poetry among the Scottish people, a spirit percolating with limpid purity through all classes from "the lords of convention," the Camp-

bells, Argyles, and Macgregors, down to shepherd laddies and their lassies.

The debt Scotland owes to her poets can not be better told than in the words of one her own sons, William Thom, who, though compelled to unintermitting toil for the bare necessities of life, was lifted above the naturally sordid and degrading influences of his lot by contact with the songs of his native land, says of Tannahill, "Poor weaver chiel! what we owe to you! Your 'Braes of Balquidder,' and 'Yon Burnside,' and 'Gloomy Winter.' . . . O! how they did ring above the rattle of a thousand shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt we owe to those song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low hearted, and when the breast was filled with every thing but hope and happiness, let only break out the healthy and vigorous chorus, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and the fagged weaver brightens up. . . . Who dares measure the restraining influence of these songs? To us they were all instead of sermons. Had one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he would have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period. Church bells rang not for us. Poets were, indeed, our priests; but for those, the last relics of moral existence would have passed away. Song was the dewdrop which gathered during the long night of despondency, and was sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. You might have seen 'Auld Robin Gray' wet the eye that could be tearless amid cold and hunger and weariness and pain."

Of what other peasantry in the world could these words be spoken? This people, so hard-headed, so *canny*, cautious to a proverb, requiring a surgical operation to insert a joke into its brain, has been saturated in the spirit of poetry. And this poetry, whether in the academic hall, in the noble-

man's palace, in the plowed field, or in the Glasgow factory is purer and sweeter far than the serenade of the love-sick Italian, or the careless ditty of the Spanish muleteer. Of some fertile soils it is said, tickle them with a hoe, and they will laugh with a harvest. So the Scotch mental soil is overflowing with song. For instance, the plowman accidentally crushes a daisy with his plow, and at once he is inspired to utter a song, with a perfection of delicacy which all the culture of a Matthew Arnold could not surpass.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour:
For I maun crush awa' the stoure [dust]
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom."

Scotch poetry is rich in all the departments of love, of chivalry, and external nature. Especially in songs on domestic life, there is such an affluence that I am not sure I would greatly exaggerate did I say there are more songs on the bliss of wedded life and the happiness of home worth preserving than in all other languages.

Where outside Scotland could this song have been written?

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing
This sweet wee wife o' mine!

I never saw a fairer,
I never loved a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel time [be lost, die].

The world's wrak [wreck, confusion] we share o't,
The warstle [wrestle] and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine."

Thomas Smibert, who, I believe, is still living, gives us a song, which, in its minor key of tender plaint, reminds of the almost

unearthly music of Lady Nairn's "Land o' the Leal." We quote a portion of it:

"Afore the Lamma's tide
Had dren'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
Nae wife was blest like me:
A kind, good man, and twa
Sweet bairns were round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate [way],
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was yet to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Off on the hills at e'en
I see him 'mong the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw
As gloaming [twilight] aye drew near—
But my a's now awa'
Sin the fa' o' the year.

I tittle whiles [try sometimes] to spin
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come runnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet [must cry];
I ken [know] its fancy a',
And faster flows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa',
In the fa' o' the year."

"Bide ye yet," found in Herd's collection, and in most modern compilations, is a good piece. We give the last two stanzas and chorus:

"When I gang a-field and come home at e'en,
I'll get my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean;
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or daddy to me.

And if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wee wife and me,
In hearty good humor, although she be teased,
I'll kiss her and kiss her until she be pleased.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;
Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,
And I'll aye be canty [cheerful] in thinking o't."

A parody on this song was written by Miss Jenny Graham, which opens as follows:

"Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye;
The half of that will gane [serve] you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet."

We are sorely tempted to quote the old favorite, "There's nae luck about the

house," but our space does not permit our giving it entire, and mutilation would be sacrilege. The wife hears that the boat of her fisher husband is seen sailing into the harbor. At once she flings aside her ordinary work, and prepares to welcome him—

"Is this a time to talk o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?"

Little "Kate" and "Jock" are prepared to receive him. The wife dons her "bishop satin gown," her "Sunday's shoon," her "hose o' pearl blue." And now all the household marshaled for the "gudeman's" coming, her feelings almost overcome her:

"And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet [cry]."

And she exults to think,

"I ha'e him safe,
Till death we'll never part."

But we must not suppose that the course of domestic love is always made to run so smooth. The spirit of Scottish poesy is too truthful to hush the grumbling and wailing of ill-assorted marriages. One poor husband, slyly referring to his wife, says:

"Wha [who] I wish were maggot's meat,
Dished up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun [would] see it."

Another Benedict groans:

"I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited [dolted, grown stupid with age], I
wish I were dead,
Or she in the mools to dement me nae mair."

A large number of songs are founded on the idea of a shrewish wife being carried away by the arch-enemy of mankind, with the full consent of her husband, and of her being returned, as she rendered even her new abode intolerable by her presence:

"Says Satan, I vow by the edge of my knife,
I pity the man who is tied to a wife.
I swear by the kirk, and rejoice by the bell,
That I live not in wedlock, thank heaven, but hell:
There ha'e I been living the maist o' my life,
But I never could thole [endure] it if I had a wife."

The practical character of the Scottish people, and the fact that most of their songs originated among the hard-working poor, infuse all their poetry with a strong element of common sense, which prevents the romance flying away with it out of sight

above the clouds of daily cares and trials. Mrs. Cockburn, a Scotch lady, desires in her day to burn Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison," because "The girls are all agog seeking an ideal man, and will have none of God's corrupted creatures. I wonder why they wish for perfection; for my share, I would none o't; it would ruin all my virtue and all my love. Where would be the pleasure of mutual forbearance, of mutual forgiveness?" And a writer of the present day considers the cause of much of the unhappiness of married life springs from the folly of ladies steadfastly refusing to look at their lovers as they are, but surrounding them with the glamour of their fancy, and making of them a kind of demi-god. After marriage their eyes are opened, and they find they have married something quite different from the creature of their fancy.

Scotch poetry does not reveal much of this excess of romance. The good wife is represented as

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Here is a domestic curtain lifted for a moment to show us the wife's anger dissolving before the husband's penitence:

"When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about his neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack [moment];
And, poor wee thing, she gat [cried].
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life, I'll be the wife
That never takes the gee [takes offense]."

Another wife naively tells us that when her husband "comes hame fou [drunk] at e'en," he has such a taking way with him, she sighs and thinks "on what he's been; she scolds awhile, and then forgives him." In the same strain she closes her song:

"When twa hae wrought, and twa hae fought,
For thretty year sae lenl thegither,
A faut or flaw is not ava' [nothing at all],
They may weel 'gree with ain anither."

Scotch poetry does not disdain to warble even baby lullabies, and as it carries its simplicity and tenderness through all the higher realms of song, so it lavishes all its purity and grace on even a cradle-song. Richard

Gall, born the same year that the Declaration of American independence was adopted, thus sings:

"Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O softly close thy blinking e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
Like ony Simmer evening fa'

Thy sparkling e'e is bonny black,
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O softly close thy blinking e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O but thy daddie's absence lang,
Might break my dowie [sad] heart in twa,
Wert thou no left a dawtit [cherished] pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa."

ANCIENT AMERICA.

A VOLUME bearing the above title was issued by Harpers some time in 1871 or 1872. The author tells us "all that is known of American archaeology is found in many foreign volumes, or in sketches made by intelligent travelers, and that this work is the first comprehensive view of ancient America as a whole that has ever been published in English or in any other language."

Mr. Baldwin begins with a sketch of the Mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley, and their remains scattered over the West. That such a race existed is evidenced by the mounds or pyramids found in many of the States, in Mexico, and Central America. Most of these works are square or rectangular, and many of them are constructed with winding stairways on the outside leading to the top. Many theories have been advanced as to the probable use of these mounds, but Mr. Baldwin looks upon them as foundations, the buildings on their summits having perished. These inclosures often differ in outline; in the more Northern States being designed in the form of birds, serpents, and even men, while farther south an increase of regularity and extent is observable. "Careful study of what is shown in the many reports on these ancient remains seems plainly to authorize the conclusion that the Mound-builders entered the country at the south, and began their settlements near the gulf. Remains of their works may be traced through a great extent of country, being most numerous in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Texas."

THEIR CIVILIZATION.

It is evident the Mound-builders must have possessed a certain civilization, since the works they have left could only be possible to a settled life and an organized industry. "Relics of art have been dug from some of the mounds, consisting of a considerable variety of ornaments and implements made of copper, silver, obsidian, porphyry, and green stone, finely wrought. There are axes, adzes, chisels, drills, lance-heads, knives, bracelets, pendants, beads, and the like, made of copper. There are articles of pottery, elegantly designed and finished; ornaments made of silver, bone, mica from the Alleghanies, and shells from the Gulf of Mexico." Cloth has also been found, proving that the Mound-builders had the art of spinning and weaving.

MINING WORKS.

The modern mining-works on Lake Superior are mostly confined to Keweenaw Point. "All through this district wherever modern miners have worked remains of ancient mining works are abundant; and they are extensive on the adjacent island known as Isle Royale. In some of these mines detached masses of copper, mounted on rollers ready for moving, have been discovered; also stone and copper mauls, remains of a cedar trough, by which water was to be carried off from the mines, cedar shovels, mauls, copper wedges, charcoal, and ashes; while over and among them grew forest trees, some showing three hundred and ninety-five rings of annual growth." Passing over the author's account of many interesting ruins in the more Southern States, and in Northern

Mexico, we again quote from his description of Palenque. The true name of this ancient city has been lost. Its ruins are in the Mexican state of Chiapa, and almost hidden from sight in a forest, "where they seem to have been forgotten long before the time of Cortez. More than two hundred years passed after the arrival of the Spaniards before their existence became known to Europeans." The largest building yet discovered in Palenque is called the "palace." It stands near the river on a terraced pyramidal foundation. . . . It faces the east, and has fourteen doorways on each side, with eleven at the ends. It was built entirely of hewn stone, laid with admirable precision in mortar. . . . A corridor nine feet wide and roofed by a pointed arch, went around the building on the outside, and this was separated from another within of equal width. The 'palace' has four interior courts. . . . These are surrounded by corridors, and the architectural work facing them is richly decorated. . . . The piers around the courts are covered with figures in stucco, which, where broken, reveals six coats or layers, each revealing traces of painting." Another building, known as "La Cruz," is described as being fifty feet long and thirty-one wide, having three doorways at the south. "La Cruz" is so called from a great bas-relief, on which are sculptured a cross and several human figures. It stands on a high mound, and is approached by steps. Dupaix says, "It is impossible to describe adequately the interior decorations of this sumptuous temple." "The cross is supposed to have been the central object of interest. It was wonderfully sculptured and decorated; human figures stand near it, and some grave ceremony seems to be represented. The infant held toward the cross by one of the figures suggests a christening ceremony. The cross is one of the most common emblems in all the ruins. This led the Catholic missionaries to assume that knowledge of Christianity had been brought to that part of America long before their arrival;" and without more foundation they coupled the belief that the Gospel was preached there by St. Thomas.

Great importance is attached to the ruins of Palenque on account of their numerous inscriptions, "which, it is believed, will at length be deciphered."

UXMAL.

The most important ruins of Yucatan are those of Uxmal. Among the most wonderful of its remains are those of a great building sometimes called the "House of Turtles." Of this house Mr. Baldwin says: "It was built of hewn stone laid in mortar. The faces of the walls are smooth up to the cornice; then follows on all the four sides one solid mass of rich, complicated, and elaborately sculptured ornaments, forming a sort of arabesque. This building has eleven doorways in front, and one at each end, all having wooden lintels, which have fallen. It stands on a terraced pyramid, and remains of former buildings are still to be seen on the second terrace. Sculptured monuments have been discovered buried in the soil of the second terrace."

CHICHEN-ITZA.

One of the most noticeable ruins at this place is circular in form. . . . "It has four doors, which face the cardinal points. . . . The grand staircase of twenty steps leading up to this building is forty-five feet wide, and has a sort of balustrade formed of the entwined bodies of huge serpents." Another ruin is described as being extremely simple on the outside. "but the walls of its chambers are elaborately decorated, mostly with sculptured designs, which seem to have been painted. In one of the upper rooms Mr. Stephens found a beam of sapota wood, used as a lintel, which was covered with very elegantly carved decorations.

The walls of this room were covered, from the bottom to the top of the arched ceiling, with painted designs similar to those seen in the Mexican "picture writing." Decay had mutilated these "pictures," but the colors were still bright. There are indications that painting was generally used by the aboriginal builders even on their sculptures. The colors seen in this room were green, red, yellow, blue, and reddish-brown." There are many other important ruins in

Yucatan, but all bear the same characteristics. On the western coast are some buildings evidently of a later date, "which were still inhabited three hundred and fifty years ago. Within the walls are remains of finely constructed buildings. . . . One of these had a wooden roof, and timber seems to have been considerably used here. The walls still standing were made of hewn stone. Remains of stone edifices exist all along this coast, but the whole region is now covered by a dense growth of trees and other vegetation."

ANTIQUITY OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

We are told it is impossible to fix the date of this people, but an idea of their antiquity may be obtained from their mounds, their skeletons, and the relation of these mounds to the primeval forests.

"Every skeleton of a Mound-builder is found in a condition of extreme decay. . . . The decayed bones of Mound-builders are invariably found within the mounds, never on the surface; usually at the bottom of the structure, and nearly always in such a state of decay as to render all attempts to restore the skull, or indeed any part of the skeleton, entirely hopeless. Not more than one or two skeletons of that people have been recovered in a condition suitable for intelligent examination. . . . What, save time itself, can have brought these skeletons to a condition in which they fall to pieces when touched, and are ready to dissolve and become dust. All the circumstances attending their burial were unusually favorable for their preservation. The earth around them has invariably been found wonderfully compact and dry. And yet, when exhumed, they are in such a decomposed and crumbling condition that to restore them is impossible. Sound and well-preserved skeletons, known to be nearly two thousand years old, have been taken from burial-places in England and other European countries less favorable for preserving them. The condition of an ancient skeleton can not be used as an accurate measure of time, but it is sufficiently accurate to show the difference between the ancient and the modern, and in this case it allows us to assume that these

extremely decayed skeletons of the Mound-builders are much more than two thousand years old."

As regards the relation of the inclosures to the forests, Mr. Baldwin observes, that when this country was first settled by Europeans, the Ohio valley was an unbroken forest. Trees were found growing in the mounds bearing eight hundred rings of annual growth. Moreover, trees that first make their appearance in such deserted places are not regular forest trees. "The beginning of such growths as will cover them with great forests comes later, when other preliminary growths have appeared and gone to decay."

WHO WERE THE MOUND-BUILDERS ?

It has been suggested that the Indians were degenerate descendants of the Mound-builders. But history gives no account of an enlightened and civilized people sinking to a barbarism so absolute that neither trace nor tradition is left of their "lost estate." There is no indication that the Indians of our country ever were civilized; "besides, the constant tradition of these Indians, supported by concurring circumstantial evidence, appears to warrant the belief, that they came originally from the west or northwest at a period too late to connect them in this way with the Mound-builders." . . . "The wild Indians of this continent had never known such a condition as that of the Mound-builders. They had nothing in common with it." Much of the work of the Mound-builders is equal to that of the ancient Peruvians. They built artificial ponds, they used sun-dried bricks, "they manufactured cloth," and both skill and civilization are discovered by their mining works. "Who can imagine the Iriquois or Algonquins working the copper mines with such intelligence and skill, and such a combination of systematic and persistent industry? They had no tradition of such a condition of life. . . . The two peoples were entirely distinct and separate from each other. If they really belonged to the same race, we must go back through unnumbered ages to find their common origin and the date of their separation." Doubtless the

Mound-builders were American aborigines, and Mr. Baldwin assumes as most probable the theory which assumes that they came first from Mexico and Central America. "Their largest settlements were in the south; naturally they would begin their colonies on the coast, and afterward advance up the river to the Ohio valley. . . . The fact that the settlements and works of the Mound-builders extended through Texas and across the Rio Grande, indicates very plainly their connection with the people of Mexico, and goes far to explain their origin. . . . We can not suppose the Mound-builders to have come from any other part of North America, for nowhere else was there any other people capable of producing such works as they left in the places where they dwelt. . . . This colonizing extension of the old Mexicans must have taken place at a remote period in the past. . . . Perhaps they found the country mostly unoccupied, and saw there but little of any other people until an irruption of warlike barbarians came upon them from the Northwest." This, however, is mere conjecture, and must so remain, at least for the present.

ANTIQUITY OF THE RUINS.

Four hundred and fifty years ago, the great forest that covers the southern part of Central America was growing as it grows now. Then it was that one of the Mayan princes, with a portion of his people, settled at Lake Peton. "If its age could be told, it would still be necessary to consider that the ruins hidden in it are much older than the forest." Probably the forest is itself much older than the Aztec period. Three hundred years ago Copan was as strange to the natives living near it as it is to-day. There was not even then a tradition of its history. It must, also, be borne in mind that building magnificent cities is not the first work of civilization. First efforts are more or less rude, and "many ages must have been required to develop such admirable skill in masonry and ornamentation." "Supposing Palenque to have been deserted some six hundred years previous to the Spanish conquest, this date will carry

us back only to the last days of its history. In the distant past is a vast period, in which the civilization represented by Palenque was developed, made capable of building such cities, and then carried on through the many ages during which cities became numerous, flourished, grew old, and gave place to others, until the long history of Palenque itself began." It is not supposable that any of these old monuments and sculptures date back to the first periods of the history they suggest. Still, they are very old. The forest that covers their ruins, the utter absence of all perishable materials, the mystery in which their history is wrapped, all bear evidence of a great antiquity. At Luisigna and Kabah "the stone structures have become masses of debris," and even at Copan, Palenque, and Mitla there is only enough to give us an idea of their former glory.

THE OLDEST OF CIVILIZATIONS.

Some students of its past have supposed that America was the first part of the world that became civilized. Geologically, America is the oldest of the continents, and it is presumed that ages ago, that part of the land on which the first civilizers appeared was engulfed by the Atlantic. This could only have been effected by some great commotion of nature, and accounts of such a catastrophe "are said to have been preserved in the old books of Central America, and also in those of Egypt, from which Solon received an account of the lost Atlantis." According to this hypothesis the American continent must formerly have covered all the space now occupied by the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and the West India Islands. "This lost portion of the continent was the 'Atlantis' of which the old annals of Egypt told so much in the time of Solon." All that can be said in support of this theory can be read in the later volumes of Brasseur de Bourbourg. This story is not to be pronounced "absurd" until it has had a fair hearing. True, it lacks confirmation, but at least there appears to be a clear historical record "that flourishing towns and cities were seen and visited in America

three thousand years ago, by persons who went to them across the Atlantic." Mention is made by several Greek writers of a way to a continent beyond the Atlantic, known only to the Tyrians and Phœnicians, while Diodorus Siculus gives as authentic history a fact often mentioned by Tyrian writers. A fleet of vessels having sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, encountered a furious storm; one of the ships was driven far off into the ocean, and after being for several days the sport of the winds and waves, at last approached an island. Here they recruited and then returned home, declaring the new land to be sweet and pleasant, well watered by large streams, beautified with "many gardens of pleasure, planted with divers sorts of trees." They had seen towns adorned with stately houses and banqueting halls. Probably the towns described were some of the old cities of ancient Amer-

ica, "for it is certain that nothing of the kind existed any where else 'many days' sail from Libya (northern Africa) westward." Their voyage was made more than eleven hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era.

So, then, "if the old Central American books may be trusted, this was not very long previous to the beginning of the Toltec domination. Beyond this date the history of the 'Colhuas,' who are described as the original civilizers, must have covered a very long period. Gadir, now Cadiz, founded eleven hundred years B. C., is still an inhabited city. It has been several times rebuilt, but never deserted. . . . How long had Palenque been in existence when that Tyrian ship was driven across the Atlantic? And how long had that region been a region of cities and civilization? There is no history can answer these questions."

REV. HENRY RYAN.

HENRY RYAN, one of the bravest and best of the noble band of veterans who planted Methodism in Canada, was born in Connecticut, April 22, 1775. He was of Irish parentage, the family having emigrated from Ireland to New York in 1773. In their old home they had been a family of some importance and considerable wealth, but the Ireland of those days was rent with internal politico-religious strife, which was even more bitter and ruinous than now. The Ryans were Romanists, and becoming involved in consequence of these dissensions, they lost, not only their position in society, but nearly all their means as well, and being too high-spirited to bear their adversity patiently at home, where their former rank was known, they determined to try their fortunes in the New World.

Henry had received as good an education as the limited means of his father would admit of, and at the age of sixteen he "struck out for himself," and commenced teaching. His career as a teacher, though short, seems

to have been quite satisfactory, notwithstanding his youthfulness; and in consequence of ready wit and genial manners, he speedily became a favorite with those brought into intimate association with him. But a turning-point in his life was at hand. Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric Methodist preacher, while on one of his evangelistic tours, visited the neighborhood where young Ryan taught. Here, as elsewhere, Dow's peculiar method of conducting religious services attracted great crowds, and among his listeners on this occasion was the youthful teacher. Hitherto he had been accustomed to attend only the services of his own Church, and therefore every thing connected with Dow's meetings seemed new and strange to him. Notwithstanding Dow's peculiarities, his preaching was usually both pointed and practical, and a powerful impression was made upon young Ryan. For the first time in his life he heard the plan of salvation presented in such a manner as to be clearly understood. He was convinced that up to this time he had been in error, and resolved

at once to renounce it, and seek salvation through the merits of Christ. With him through life to resolve was to act; he was therefore at first an earnest seeker of salvation, and at length a happy participant of its joys, and in all his after life a decided Methodist.

His parents, having been informed of his change of opinion on religious doctrine, at once and peremptorily insisted on his giving up what they termed his "new religion." This he could not do, and was accordingly disowned. It was in vain that he tried to effect a reconciliation with them on any other terms than those laid down by them, and after repeated efforts he at length reluctantly ceased to try. The separation between himself and his family, with the exception of his youngest sister, was from this time complete. She, when on one occasion he was trying to persuade his parents to be reconciled, became so deeply impressed with her brother's arguments, and grieved at their obstinacy, that she too renounced Romanism, giving as a reason that she could not continue to belong to a Church that was destitute of the grace of forgiveness.

Ryan at once commenced to exhort, was well received, and soon became both popular and useful. Not long after his conversion he became acquainted with a Miss Huldah Lord, an amiable and well informed young lady of Puritan stock, to whom he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted. But her father opposed the marriage on what he considered good and sufficient grounds. First, because they were both too young, and secondly and chiefly, because the suitor was a Methodist, a sect at the time almost every-where spoken against. Ryan, however, conducted himself so commendably that Huldah's parents at length yielded a reluctant and somewhat qualified consent, and the young people were married.

Mr. Lord being wealthy, and appreciating his son-in-law's abilities, and his persistency in overcoming the difficulties with which his path had been beset since his conversion, proposed now to establish him in business on the one condition that he should devote himself exclusively to it, and give up preach-

ing. But here again Ryan's firmness—obstinacy, his friends called it—was proof against all persuasion. Not even his wife could induce him to accept the offer upon such a condition.

Still, though he held bravely to what he believed to be his only right course, his decision was not arrived at without great mental conflict. On the one hand, he believed himself called of God to preach, and knew that the authorities of his Church desired to avail themselves of his services; on the other hand, the Church was poor, and its members unable to pay their ministers a sufficient salary on which to live, and he now had a wife dependent upon him. He had taken her from a comfortable home. Was it right to insist upon pursuing a course which would entail privation, perhaps continuous poverty, upon her through life? He was sorely troubled. The strain was too much. His health gave way, and for a time it was feared he would lose his reason. But whenever and wherever an opportunity presented, he would preach. His friends became alarmed, more especially his wife's family, and a council of physicians were called, who decided that he must be allowed to preach without further remonstrance or opposition, or he would become a maniac. It is due to Mrs. Ryan to say that though she had been exceedingly and naturally anxious that her husband should accept her father's offer, yet she had not unduly pressed the matter. Now persuasion and remonstrance alike ceased. For the six years subsequent to his conversion, though he continued to teach as a means of livelihood, he also preached, having his regular appointments in the vicinity of his home, and acquired a reputation for both usefulness and ability.

Going on business into Dutchess County, New York, he stopped one night at a house where he was a stranger. The family observed that he had a pocket Bible, and that when at leisure he busied himself in perusing it. From this they judged him to be a Methodist preacher. In Warren County a like studiousness and strictness of conduct being remarked, the question was plainly

put to him if he were not a Methodist preacher, and answered by him in the affirmative, with the qualification that he was a local preacher. Woodward thereupon invited him to preach in his house, which Ryan did with great acceptance. From that time Methodism was better understood in that locality than it had been previously, and subsequently many of his hearers became Methodists themselves. Thus Ryan introduced Methodism into that part of Warren County some little time before Rev. Freeborn Garrettson sent out his band of missionaries to form circuits there.

In 1800, at about twenty-five years of age, he was admitted into the New York Conference. It was no small trial to Mrs. Ryan to be obliged to leave the neighborhood of her old home, and begin the life of an itinerant's wife; but seeing that her husband could not conscientiously pursue any other course, she forebore to expostulate, and quietly acquiesced in his decision. She was henceforth in every respect a true helpmate to her husband during his eventful life, though many times her courage almost failed her, when obliged to endure the privations incident to the career which he had chosen. To act well the part of a Methodist preacher's wife in those days called for the exercise of a large amount of patience and not a little faith. In the work of the regular ministry Mr. Ryan was no less energetic than he had been as local preacher. In order to secure time for the prosecution of his theological studies, he adopted the plan, common among the preachers of his day, of rising about four or five o'clock in the morning, and, when practicable, reading from that time till breakfast, and in this way he acquired quite a large fund of general knowledge.

His first circuit was Vergennes, a charge which evinced the estimation in which he was held by Bishop Asbury. It embraced a large portion of the State of Vermont. Ryan's salary was fixed at sixty dollars for himself and the same amount for his wife, to which were added his traveling expenses. But insufficient as this amount was to support a family, the people among whom he

traveled were so poor that often only a small proportion of it was ever paid.

Here, at the very commencement, both Ryan's faith and that of his wife were severely tested. For some time nothing had been paid upon their salary, and their private funds had become completely exhausted. Absolute want stared them in the face, and, to make their position still more distressing, they had now a family. Mrs. Ryan could suffer herself uncomplainingly, but she could not see her child want bread and not speak; she therefore urged her husband once more to desist from preaching and go home to her father, who had again promised to establish him in some remunerative business if he would do so. In this emergency Ryan scarcely knew what to do. He felt that he dared not desist from preaching, and yet he could not let his wife and child starve. At length, just as the evening was coming on, he told his wife that he would go alone into a piece of woods near by, and make their present circumstances the subject of earnest prayer, and he had no doubt he would be guided aright. The hours wore on, and the evening deepened into night, but he did not return to the house, and Mrs. Ryan's anxiety may be better imagined than described. The night, too, wore away and morning dawned before she again saw him. Then, having spent the whole of that terrible night in agonizing prayer, he emerged from the woods, and entering the house said to her, "I believe God will send us help to-day. If help does not come to-day I will take you to your father's, and go into business, as he wishes me."

Their scanty breakfast was prepared and eaten, but as yet there was no sign of deliverance. About ten o'clock, however, a stranger rode up to the door, and without alighting from his horse inquired, "Does the Methodist preacher live here?" "He does," was the reply, and Mr. Ryan went to see what was wanted. The stranger was none other than the somewhat famous Revolutionary soldier and avowed infidel, Ethan Allen, who, having told his name, continued, "I am not a professor of religion, but I respect brave men, and from all I can learn

you are no hypocrite. I want you to come to my house and bring your wife with you, as my wife wants to get acquainted with her." And shaking hands with Ryan he left ten dollars in his hand. From that time as long as Ryan remained in that neighborhood the family found a warm friend and generous supporter in Mr. Allen.

At the next conference Ryan was re-appointed to Vergennes, which indicated in those times that he had given satisfaction both to his people and the bishop. The year following he was appointed to Fletcher Circuit, his colleague being Elijah Hedding, afterwards a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Hedding outlived Ryan many years, and long after he had traveled with him wrote of him as follows: "He was a very pious man, a man of great love for the cause of Christ, and great zeal in his work as a minister; a man who labored as if the judgment thunders were to follow each sermon." The bishop thought, on looking back to that time, that Ryan was rather over-strict in his administration of the discipline; but the Methodist preachers of the period were not generally lax disciplinarians, and he did not lay down one rule for his flock and another for himself. Bishop Hedding adds, "He was very brotherly and kind to me, often speaking to me in a manner calculated to urge me on to diligence and fidelity in the great work." Describing this circuit when traveled by Ryan and Hedding, Dr. Stevens observes: "It comprehended all the State of Vermont between the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, and required incredible travel." In 1803 and 1804 he was stationed at Plattsburg, New York, where he was very successful in winning souls to Christ. This year terminated Ryan's ministerial career in the United States. Thenceforward his work was purely Canadian.

He was now about thirty years of age, well built, about six feet in height, and of commanding appearance. Later in life he became corpulent. Both mentally and physically he was well fitted to take an arduous or hazardous mission. He was apparently a stranger to fear; a man of indomitable per-

severance and iron will, and a rigid disciplinarian. He was possessed of very ready wit, and though kind and affable in his intercourse with those among whom he associated, he could be very sarcastic when assailed, or when he considered himself treated with unwarrantable discourtesy. Once committed to a position which he believed to be right, no amount of argument could move him from his purpose. Perhaps his firmness sometimes degenerated into obstinacy; but it must be remembered that it required an iron will, combined with more than ordinary courage, to brave the dangers and overcome the hardships which were to be met and endured at the beginning of this century in an almost unbroken wilderness.

In 1805 Bishop Asbury judged it expedient to increase the number of preachers in Canada, and at the conference of that year called for volunteers. Henry Ryan and William Case offered their services and were accepted. They were appointed to Bay Quinté Circuit—Mr. Ryan in charge.

Mrs. Ryan had but barely become reconciled to her position as the wife of an itinerant, even in her own country, and now she found herself called to go with her husband to, as she thought it, "the ends of the earth." Canada seemed very far away, and she not unnaturally dreaded moving into such a fearful wilderness. Her eldest little daughter naturally sympathized with her mother, thinking Canada must be a very fearful place; but Ryan's ready wit and tact soon converted the child into an ally. That year wheat was very scarce and correspondingly dear; therefore corn bread was in many places substituted for the wheateu bread. Now Mrs. Ryan disliked corn bread very much, and the dislike was shared by the little girl. Taking advantage of this, her father told her that wheat was plenty where they were going, and if they went there she could have all the wheat bread she wished. After this if she thought her mother seemed low-spirited in view of the moving, she would say, "Never mind, mother, you know father says we won't have to eat any corn bread in Canada."

In 1805 the Bay Quinté Circuit was a large one, but so sparsely was the country settled that two men were supposed to be sufficient to supply the people with preaching. Kingston was a central point on this circuit. Ryan was a good singer, and on more than one occasion he was known to pass along the streets of that town, arm in arm with his colleague, singing as they went, "Come, let us march to Zion's Hill," while a crowd followed after them to the place of worship. Here Ryan usually preached, and Case followed with a stirring exhortation. This year the first Canadian camp-meeting, the forerunner of many others of a similar character, was held under their supervision. That both men were useful may be inferred from the fact that between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty were received into the Church as the result of their efforts that year, and that Ryan was sent back the second year. We can not in so brief a story trace him from circuit to circuit during the years intervening between 1805 and 1810, when he was appointed presiding elder of Upper Canada District; suffice it to say, that in labors and in sacrifices he was abundant, and that there were many seals to his ministry.

If his rides had been long and hard, and if his perils, such as were incident to travel in a new country, had been many, while on the circuits, what were they compared to those encountered when he took charge of the district which extended from Cornwall in the east to Detroit in the west! It was his business to visit each circuit embraced in his district every three months, and this duty he most conscientiously fulfilled, regardless of toils, dangers, and long absences from his family. His journey he performed on horseback; and being a large, heavy man, rarely a day out of the saddle, he found the labor of carrying him, with so little intermission, through such almost impassable pathways, too much for the strength of any one horse. Therefore he used two, riding them alternately, leading the one while he rode the other. There were no bridges, so he was obliged to ford the rivers. The roads in most places could be scarcely said to be laid

out; he was compelled to skirt swamps, or wallow through them, as circumstances determined, and must face unflinchingly both Summer's heat and Winter's cold, in the discharge of his duty as a minister of Christ. It was no unusual occurrence for him to start from Canada on horseback, to attend a session of conference at New York or Baltimore; and, apparently, he did it with as much cheerfulness and with as little thought of danger as we would now take a ticket for a seat in a palace car, on an express train, for either of those cities.

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, the oversight of the Methodist societies in Canada devolved upon Ryan, and this oversight continued until the restoration of peace. He regulated the circuits, appointed the preachers who remained in the country to their respective fields of labor, called them together to meet in conference, presided over their deliberations, and called out new helpers to supply the places of those preachers who had been obliged to leave the country in consequence of the war. He also visited the prisoners taken in battle, and prayed with and counseled the sick and wounded soldiers, conducting himself with prudence, and at the same evincing great zeal and fidelity in promoting the cause of Christ, both in Upper and Lower Canada.

Upon the return of peace, he reported to the Genesee Annual Conference, of which he was a member, the state of the societies which had been under his care, and was continued in the office of presiding elder in the Canadian work. And he was worthy of all the honor which the conference could bestow. Not only had he labored hard to keep the scattered societies together, and to supply them with such preachers as he could get, but both himself and his family had suffered severe hardships, and been subject to no little annoyance and danger during the conflict. At the commencement of the war Ryan removed his family from the frontier back into the country, so as to escape the din and danger of battle; but here the Indians were scarcely less disagreeable visitors than the regular army would have been. On one occasion Ryan called to see a mar-

ried daughter, and found her in a sad state of fright. A band of Indians had arrived just a little before him, and asked permission to hang their venison in the chamber, which request, as there seemed to be no help at hand, was granted. But no sooner was the meat hung up than the Indians began to plunder, possessing themselves of any thing in the house which they fancied. At this juncture Ryan entered, and, on being informed of the state of affairs, he peremptorily ordered them to put down their plunder and be gone. Completely cowed by his commanding appearance and stern manner, the Indians did as he ordered, and departed with all possible speed, taking their venison with them.

On another occasion a number of Indians came to his own house in his absence. These half-naked savages were painted and armed with their scalping-knives and tomahawks. Mrs. Ryan and the children were very much alarmed, especially as the Indians commenced to take possession of every thing they wished to appropriate. Knowing that resistance was useless, Mrs. Ryan called her terrified children round her, and resolving to put her trust in God, who alone could help her in this emergency, she took the large family Bible from the stand, and commenced reading it aloud. The Indians watched her for a time, but as she calmly continued her reading they came to the conclusion that she must be a witch, and that, with the aid of her "big book," she was about to cast a spell upon them. A panic seized them. They threw down the things which they had collected, and fled from the house. From that time, during the continuance of the war, they were only troubled by Indians once more. One day, as Mr. Ryan was standing in his door-yard, an Indian came up with a piece of venison, which he laid down on a sled near by, and requested Ryan to buy. The price asked was half a dollar, and Ryan agreed to purchase, tendering an American half-dollar piece in payment. But the Indian, on seeing the coin, exclaimed, "You a Yankee; me kill you," drawing his knife at the same instant. Quick as a flash of light-

ning, Ryan snatched a stake from the sled, and making as though he were going to strike, ordered the fellow to put down that money, take up his venison, and be off. Quailing before him as a child would before an angry man, the Indian obeyed, slunk off into the woods, and was seen no more.

From 1815 to 1825 Ryan continued to itinerate as a presiding elder, now on the Upper Canada District, then on the Lower Canada District.

It has already been intimated that during the war Ryan was virtually superintendent of the Canadian Methodist work. After its close he was for many years foremost in fighting the battles of his Church, and in working industriously to obtain those privileges for it to which he thought it entitled.

Some time after the termination of the war he arrived at the conclusion that it would be better for the general interest of the Church for it to be entirely separated from the parent body in the United States; and later still he began to advocate "lay delegations." The majority of his brethren did not agree with him on either point, and some dissatisfaction and painful difficulties were the consequence. Ryan had been in labors most abundant, and he had, through long years of toil, privation, and persecution, manifested a devotedness to the interests of the Church that entitled him to a degree of consideration which he felt had not been accorded to him. On the contrary, he believed himself to have been ill-used by his conference, and therefore he, in 1827, withdrew from the connection. Shortly afterwards some of those who espoused Ryan's cause organized the "Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church," making lay delegation its distinguishing feature. With this body Ryan united, and with it he continued to be identified during the brief remainder of his earthly existence.

As an example of how men's opinions change with the progress of time, it may be interesting to note that one year after Ryan's withdrawal the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, for which he had so long toiled and sacrificed, was, by mutual

consent of both the Canada Conference and the American General Conference, entirely separated from the parent Church; and many years after Ryan's death some of the very men who had most bitterly opposed him and his scheme of lay delegation warmly advocated its adoption by their own connection, and were finally among the chief promoters of a union with the Church, the Canadian branch of which had had its origin in Ryan's troubles.

His eventful career was nearly ended. How far the rending of ties that had been wound about his heart tended to precipitate the event we can not judge. He loved the Church with the affections of his heart, and had set her prosperity before his own chief good. And though he had allowed his conviction that he had been unkindly and

wrongfully treated to impel him to sever his connection with the Methodist Episcopal body, he could scarcely feel himself an alien from the altars at which he had so long, so faithfully, and so efficiently ministered, and estranged from those who, through perils, persecutions, and prosperity, had shared his toils and his rejoicings, without keen suffering. In 1830 he had a stroke of paralysis, which was repeated in 1831, and again early in 1832. These attacks seriously disordered his mental powers, so that he never again fully recovered the use of them. He died in September, 1832. His youngest daughter, giving particulars of her father's death, says, "His confidence in God was strong, and his prospects bright for a blessed immortality, so long as consciousness remained."

A TIGER EXPERIENCE.

"NO good, ma'am Sahib (my lady), no good to drive over new road. Too muchee tiger in jungle; jungle too close to new road. Malay tiger likee much eat white man for breakfast; and supposee he eat ma'am sahib to-day? Syce no go home more. Syce lie down, die in jungle, 'cause heart so sick he can't live more. And if eat little Bubber Sahib, what Tuan Sahib say? He go die too, for sure; and Allahi very angry with Syce."

"Tuan Sahib" was my husband, and "Bubber Sahib" (little lord) was my bright-eyed boy, then but a little over a year old, and whose golden curls, and fair, rosy complexion were the pride and delight of all our Oriental servants. It was my Malay Syce who had spoken—a merry, warm-hearted fellow, who now for six months or more had led my pretty pony palanquin almost every morning and evening over the flowery hills and fragrant spice plantations that abound in the beautiful island of Singapore. He was warmly attached to us, this faithful servant; and I verily believe the honest fellow would have done as he said,

had harm come to any member of our little family. I greatly enjoyed these drives in the early morning, over the smooth, government roads and among the far-reaching groves of orange and palm; and lolling back among the luxurious cushions of my palanquin, drinking in the sweet breath of the dew-spangled magnolias and moon-creeper, lilies and roses, I never dreamed of danger. Besides, we all so trusted this faithful Syce, who, with one arm thrown over the horse's neck, ran, Malay-fashion, by the side of the animal; and my husband had given him such repeated charges concerning the safety of baby and baby's mother that I gave myself up wholly to the enjoyment of the exhilarating exercise, and left all the care in the hands of Syce.

This lovely little island, lying like an ocean gem at the foot of the Malayan peninsula, abounds in picturesque scenery, and enjoys a climate of almost perennial Spring. The mercury rarely rises above seventy degrees, while balmy sea-breezes sweep over the hills, and refreshing showers fall almost every day. The shores of the island are

generally level, but the land rises gradually into hills that culminate in a peak near the center of the island. This peak of Booka Timoa is about three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and may be ascended by a smooth, winding road to the very summit, whence a magnificent panorama is unfolded, not only of the whole island and harbor, but also of the shipping for many miles outwards.

Most of the hills on the south side of the island are laid out in spice and coffee plantations; and between them lie beautiful and fertile valleys abounding in the choicest fruits and loveliest flowers of the tropics. All this portion of the island is traversed by safe and excellent roads, affording a sufficient number and variety of beautiful drives to satisfy the desires of any reasonable being. But I was only seventeen, and unfortunately not more "reasonable" or considerate than young ladies of that age usually are. So day after day I importuned my Syce for new drives over the less frequented roads; and as often, rather than appear to oppose my wishes, he would lead the pony into a new route, and then by a short cut back into the old beaten path, always carefully avoiding any approach to the northern side of the island, which is separated from the southern extremity of the Malayan peninsula by a strait, the latter in some places only half a mile wide. Tigers being very numerous in the jungles on the mainland, find no difficulty in swimming across this narrow channel, and prowling over the well-wooded districts that abound in this vicinity. The English Government has made strenuous efforts to rid the island of these troublesome visitors by offering from fifty to one hundred rupees for every dead tiger brought into the cantonments. Yet despite the great number killed, the depredations of these ferocious marauders remained so far unchecked that scarcely a single week elapsed without a child, and occasionally an adult, being devoured on some of the plantations at a distance from the settlement. All this I had heard repeatedly; but with the natural impetuosity of youth, I thought far less of the danger I

was incurring than of the indulgence of my romantic fancies; and on the morning in question I was on the *qui vive*, determined that the usual ruse should not be repeated. It was my persistent instructions to the Syce to drive into a new road still scarcely completed that drew from him the earnest remonstrance I have quoted. Despite his evident uneasiness, I was still skeptical in regard to these new roads being dangerous; and this faithful domestic would sooner have died than fail in the absolute obedience that Oriental servants always render to European employers.

So, reluctantly indeed, but promptly, when he saw I was in earnest, the Syce turned the pony's head into the road I had indicated. For about a couple of miles we sped on our way over the new, smooth road without molestation; but with one *contre-temps* that, had it occurred only a few minutes later, would probably have been death to some of us, and a source of unavailing regret to all the rest for the balance of their lives. My baby boy, who was the inseparable companion of my early morning drives, was extremely fond of flowers; and just on the verge of jungle through which the new road passed, grew a grand old magnolia grandiflora, whose great, waxen buds were exhaling their rare fragrance with genuine Oriental affluence. Twining gracefully about the branches nearest our palanquin were two of the loveliest of tropic creepers, the gorgeous passion-flower with its exquisite blooms, and the crimson boongha ria, the graceful "bridal-flower" of the Malays. My wee pet, seated on the cushions at my side, extended his hand to grasp the bright blossoms as we rolled past, and in the rebound of the slender boughs, before I could prevent the sudden spring, he fell from the palanquin and rolled over on the soft, sandy path. As these vehicles are swung very low, he was entirely unhurt by the fall, and he came down far enough from the wheel to escape even a scratch. As I sprang from the palanquin and caught my darling in my arms, he was actually crowing with delight at the novel somersault he had made; and it was not until we were again seated, and the Syce

had given the word of command to his horse that we saw the bright eyes of a deadly sun-snake gleaming among the tangled vines at the foot of the tree, and his snakeship ready coiled for a spring upon the coveted victims. Fortunately he was just a moment too late, for baby and I were already beyond his reach, while both Syce and pony were rapidly bounding away from his venomous assaults.

Again we rolled onward for perhaps another mile without any signs of the proximity of wild beasts; and even while I shuddered as I thought of the terrible eyes of the serpent whose fangs we had so narrowly escaped, I could not resist the temptation of quizzing my favorite Syce, in regard to his groundless fears of tigers on this perfectly safe road, and the very slight probability there seemed that any of these royal depredators would enjoy the privilege of munching our plebeian bones for breakfast.

How little I dreamed that almost the next moment would bring so terrible a vindication of the wise prudence of my faithful servant. For scarcely had the jesting words escaped my lips, than our pony, always before so gentle and tractable, began to show signs of alarm, sniffing, plunging, and finally with fiery eye and dilated nostril, so lifting his fore feet and standing on his haunches, as nearly to upset the palanquin in his evident resolve not to proceed a step farther. But the cause of this alarm we could not even conjecture, at least I could not; but the terrified countenance of the Malay, his quivering lip, and the sudden paling of his tawny cheek, showed me that danger was near; and an instant later a sullen growl that there was no mistaking, broke upon my horror-stricken ear.

The Syce was right after all—a tiger was indeed upon us. We had gone, perchance, into his very lair! There could no longer be a doubt of our peril, nor scarcely a hope of rescue. Merciful Father, what a fate seemed awaiting us, and all through my own imprudence! The tender limbs of my darling would doubtless be selected by our ter-

rible foe as his first dainty morsel, and then—God help me! I would not flee if I could, this horrible death. It was the supreme moment of my existence. Never was I so thoroughly frightened in my whole life, though often during my foreign travels exposed to death and in a variety of forms.

With almost superhuman efforts the Syce succeeded in turning the pony's head, though he had seemed so paralyzed by fear, that it had seemed at first impossible. But the change of position unveiled to our terrified vision, through a little opening in the thicket, such a scene as even now I can not recall without a shudder—a full grown tiger was engaged in feasting upon the body of a little Malayan child of about seven years old. The pretty, dark-haired little maiden had doubtless been stolen from one of the gambier farms in the vicinity; for she seemed so recently dead that her body was little mutilated and portions of the clothing not yet torn off, while the countenance was ghastly with recent pain and fright. His fierce majesty, with one paw on the breast of the unfortunate child, lifted his huge head, glared at us with fiery orbs, and then with a terrific yell, continued his bloody carnival—evidently unwilling to relinquish a scarcely tasted feast for another that might, perchance, prove less attractive. So the poor little murdered victim was our unconscious savior; and thus we escaped, as it were, from the very jaws of this bloody death.

My good Syce put both himself and his pony to their utmost speed, which was never relaxed till we were safe in the settlement, though both were well-nigh breathless from heat and exhaustion by the time we were beyond the reach of danger.

After this adventure I was content to be driven over the old roads, and whenever tempted to peril life for the gratification of curiosity, I had only to imagine what would have been my boy's fate had his harmless somersault occurred just at the moment the gleaming eyes of the fierce tiger fell upon our little group.

THE HEART OF BRUCE.

WHEN Scottish Bruce drew nigh to death,
 Had told his sins with failing breath;
 When priest had shrived the parting soul
 And pointed him the heavenly goal,
 Traced on his brow the holy sign—
 The passion-mark of the divine—
 Gemming that shrine of hero-thought
 With holy drops of Jordan, brought
 By venturous pilgrim o'er the sea,
 From Christ's and Mary's Galilee;
 E'en when his ashen lips had prest
 The holy bread of Eucharist,
 And tasted of the mystic wine,
 By faith transformed to blood divine,
 While awe-struck liegemen bowed in dread
 And chansons rose for passing dead,—
 In that last hour the hero-king
 Cried out, "Make haste! The Douglas bring!"

And when that chieftain, old and true,
 Stepped forth into the monarch's view,
 He bade him swear by every sign,
 Accounted knightly or divine,
 Soon as the heart of Bruce grew cold
 To seal it close in solid gold,
 And bear it with his own true hand
 Through flood or flame to Holy Land,
 And lay it in that tomb to rest,
 By our dear Christ's awaking blest!
 The liegeman kissed the holy child,—
 The dying monarch saw and smiled.
 When all was o'er, the Douglas bold
 Cased the still heart in purest gold,
 And, bearing it beneath his vest,
 Set out to do his king's behest.

With palmer's staff and sombre gown,
 With sandaled foot and eye cast down,
 With smothered prayers and mien of gloom,
 As mourners journey to the tomb,
 He sought, in pilgrim guise, to gain
 The holy shrine; but all in vain.

Across his peaceful way arose
 A motley swarm of paynim foes,
 Who bade him quit his pious quest,
 Forget the sainted dead's behest,
 And to their impious hands intrust
 The sepulture of Bruce's dust.

In vain the Douglas plead his vow,
 And pledged his knightly faith, I trow.

The Moslem swore the Scottish train
 Should never cross his burning plain.

The Saracen had not to learn
 How Edward fared at Bannockburn,
 And dreaded lest the mighty Bruce,
 Whose death he doubted, sought by truce
 A hold to gain, that he might win
 The Holy Land from Saladin.

Then Douglas spurned his pilgrim garb,
 His armor donned, bestrode the barb,
 And at their head, who oft had won,
 When Bruce and Douglas led them on,
 He sought to gain by sturdy blows
 A pathway through the swarming foes.
 Ah, fierce the fray that followed then,
 When Scot was matched with Saracen;
 When Arab hate met Christian scorn,
 And Highland kerne the desert-born!
 All day upon the sultry plain
 The mailed warriors strove in vain!

For ever still before them rose
 Fresh myriads of their turbaned foes.
 The desert horseman went and came,
 Forever new, yet e'er the same;
 Their matchless chargers seemed to fly
 Like the twin horsemen of the sky;
 While on the cumbrous, knightly mail
 Their barbed arrows rained, like hail.
 Oh, many a brave retainer's ghost
 Went up that day from Akra's coast!
 On the worn hosts, as evening fell,
 Fierce pressed the jeering infidel,
 Seeking their weary foe to crush
 Beneath the weight of one wild rush.
 In vain the dauntless Douglas tried
 To stem the backward surging tide.
 "A Bruce! a Douglas!" loud he cried;
 Unheard the feeble answering shout,
 Amid the wild Moslemic rout,
 Whose piercing "Allah!" filled the air,
 Save when above its accents rose
 The clang of steel and crush of blows,
 The frantic curse, or frenzied prayer!

"O Christ!" he cried; "is Douglas' hand
 Too weak to do his king's command?
 Shall paynim hand defile the dust,
 Great Bruce's last and holiest trust?
 Ah, never while a drop remains

Of Scottish blood in Douglas's veins
 Shall e'en thy lightest accents fail,
 So have I sworn by holy grail!"
 Then from his mailed breast he tore
 The holy relic which he bore.
 One instant to his lips were prest
 The golden case and kingly crest;
 Then, with his old-time battle-cry,
 He raised the glittering casket high.
 Around his head, like sudden flame,
 A gleam of golden sunlight came.
 Then far amid the paynim crew
 The heart of Scotia's monarch flew!
 Then, loud above the battle rout,
 The Douglas' words rang bravely out:

"Go, heart of Bruce! Lead on once
 more!

Thy Douglas follows as of yore;
 Where'er the thickest crowd thy foes,
 Speed thou, to guide the Douglas's blows!
 He follows thee, whate'er betide,
 As when we battled side by side.
 No more his weary arm shall fail,
 No more his faithless heart shall quail;
 Go, heart of Bruce! Lead thou once more!
 And Scotland follows as of yore.
 Ho, liegemen! midst yon turbaned band,
 The heart of Bruce rolls on the sand!
 What dastard Scot will dream of truce
 While paynim holds the heart of Bruce?

Scotland, to rescue! Charge once more!
 The heart of Bruce has gone before!"

The desert moon looked brightly down
 On heaped up Moslems stark and brown.
 The jackal's nightly board was spread
 With lavish stores of paynim dead!
 Of all that host, which at the morn,
 Mocked Christian prayer with heathen scorn
 A handful fled, at eventide—
 A speck upon the desert wide!
 To faithful Douglas's heaving breast
 The kingly heart once more is prest!

O Christian warrior! charge once more!
 The heart of hearts has gone before!
 When sin overwhelms thy soul the most,
 Where thy weak steps are almost lost,
 Faint not! The heart which went before
 Counts every earnest blow a score!
 Amid the heat and dust and toil,
 Which mark earth's weary battle moil,
 Where fiercest press exultant foes,
 And thickest fall their deadliest blows,
 There, crushed and trampled to the ground,
 The holiest heart is ever found,
 Ho! to the rescue, Christian knight,
 Press to the thickest of the fight,
 Where error's legions firmest stand,
 And hope shines not on either hand,
 Press on; nor trust thy faltering eyes,
 The heart of hearts before thee lies.

THE TRUTH.

AN arrow shaft of lightning flame,
 Forth from unlettered lips it came;
 Winds bore it, and the songs of birds;
 It clove its way in burning words,
 And, in a holy mission sent,
 Through languages and lands it went.

Some heard it, but they did not heed;
 Some welcomed and performed its deed;
 Some fought it and were stricken dumb,
 They knew not what a power had come;
 And, struggling to eclipse the light,
 Were crushed by its resistless might.

It barbed the hero's scorn of wrongs,
 The poet shaped it in his song;
 It nerved the speaker on the stage;
 With it the author warmed the page;
 And hoary error shrank away,
 Dazzled and blinded by its ray.

O, spark from heaven! touched by thy light
 The farthest hills with day are bright;
 New forms of love and beauty rise,
 New splendors tint the arching skies,
 The ancient wrongs that vex us cease;
 We feel the thousand years of peace.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE GOSPELS AND SKEPTICISM.

PROBABLY no antagonism to Christianity—not against its moral teachings, but against its records—is more direct and strong than is that made by scholarly skeptics against the genuineness and reliability of the Gospels, particularly of the *fourth*, known as St. John's Gospel. Not only Strauss and Renan, but Fiske, of New England, and others who walk in the steps of these men, strike directly at the genuineness of this Gospel especially. Invalidating this, they think to disparage the others. Only a few years ago Mr. Fiske said: "If there is any one conclusion concerning the New Testament literature which must be regarded as incontrovertibly established by the labors of a whole generation of scholars it is this, that the fourth Gospel was utterly unknown until about A. D. 170; that it was written by some one who possessed very little knowledge of Palestine," etc.

As the scholars here referred to are Strauss, whom Tischendorf calls "the Tübingen fantasy-builder," and Renan, who is designated "the Parisian caricaturist," it may be well to see what it is that competent scholars do say to this sweeping assertion made by one of the disciples of the "fantasy-builder." If the scholarship of Renan is not more accurate and reliable than appears in his "History of the Apostles," it is not wholly trustworthy. It is prejudiciously biased. Ewald, the greatest of modern Hebraists, says, in reference to the writer of the fourth Gospel: "We discern throughout in the author a man who possessed an *accurate knowledge* of the state of Galilee and Judea at the time of our Lord—a man who possessed such a knowledge as could only be found in an eye-witness of that time." So also the learned Meyer, "one of the greatest authorities in Biblical criticism," says that this Gospel is genuine. Objecting emphatically to the dates for its being written A. D. 150,

as given by Volkmar, and A. D. 160, as fixed by Keim, he says: "I am [by these dates] brought so very close to the years in which the apostle himself was still among the living, and see myself placed so entirely in the presence of his numerous Asiatic disciples and friends, that it must seem to me a riddle which can not be solved how already at that time and exactly then, a work not the production of John—a work so great and so different from the earlier Gospels—could have appeared bearing the name of this highly celebrated apostle. Those disciples and friends must have known whether he had written a Gospel, and what kind of a Gospel, and from their own intimate knowledge would have been able to reject that which was not the genuine production of their master." And we add, that every careful and discriminating reader sees for himself the peculiarly rich and sensible style of this Gospel, its special adaptation to the times of the Apostle John, particularly as a corrective of the rising and insinuating Gnosticism of that and the following age. By the Fathers it was called the "Spiritual Volume," the "Heart of Christ."

Dr. Adam Clarke says, "It is evident that John was present at most of the things related by him in his Gospel; and that he was an eye and ear witness of our Lord's labors, journeyings, discourses, miracles, passion, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension." "The genuineness of the present Gospel," says Dr. Bloomfield, "is unquestionable, not only as attested by the strongest internal evidence, but the strongest external evidence, in an unbroken chain of testimonies from writers in the apostolic age down to that of Epiphanius, Chrysostom and Jerome. It was, indeed, never disputed until lately by Bretschneider, whose doubts, however, have been, as he confesses, entirely removed by the very able writers who came forward to maintain the authenticity of the Gospel."

Dr. William Smith says: "The accession of Nerva [successor to Domitian, by whom John was banished to Patmos] frees him from danger, and he returns to Ephesus. There he settles the canon of the Gospel history by formally attesting his own to supply what they [the other evangelists] had left wanting. Among the apostolic Fathers, Ignatius appears to have known and recognized this Gospel. Tatian, A. D. 170, wrote a harmony of the four Gospels; and he quotes St. John's Gospel in his only extant work." This Ignatius, who became bishop of Antioch about thirty-seven years after the ascension of Christ, or A. D. 74, and who died A. D. 116, clearly alludes to two texts of the fourth Gospel, which must therefore have then been extant.

In his "Origin of the Gospels," Tischendorf fully meets the objections of skeptics. Alluding to the testimonies of Tacitus, Pliny, and Suetonius in reference to Jesus and the disciples of their times, he shows that the sources of the Gospels did not, indeed, could not, arise from any design on the part of Jesus and his immediate disciples to make his words chime in with and meet the prevalent expectations of that age. At every point the rationalism of German and Germanized scholars is by him fully met and laid aside.

It is a historic fact, that at the close of the second century the four Gospels were widely known and acknowledged. In A. D. 177 Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, in Gaul, in a treatise directed against the heresies of Gnosticism, makes frequent quotations from John, who acknowledgedly wrote later than did the other evangelists, but must have written prior to A. D. 170, because he died somewhere between A. D. 89 and A. D. 120, and may therefore be the bishop to whom Ignatius (who died A. D. 116) tenderly refers in his Epistle to the Ephesians, as follows: "Since, therefore, I have, in the name of God, received the visit of all you in the person of *one who, in unspeakable love, is your bishop*. And I pray in Jesus Christ that you may love him, and that you may all be like him, for blessed is he who has vouchsafed you to be worthy of having such a bishop." Who other than "that disciple whom Jesus loved" could meet at that time this commendation? In his last days John was bishop of the Church of Ephesus, and may have been, and probably was, alive when Ignatius, who

flourished from A. D. 98 to A. D. 116, thus wrote. The latest date fixed for the death of St. John is A. D. 120.

Nearly contemporaneous with Irenæus, Tertullian of Carthage, and Clemens of Alexandria, quoted from the four Gospels as then well known, and of authority in the Church. The qualifications and reliability of Irenæus are not to be questioned, because he was a disciple of Polycarp, who had been a disciple of John, and lived until A. D. 155. This Tertullian critically discussed the origin and relative value of each of the four Gospels, and put Mark and Luke below Matthew and John, only because the latter two were called by our Lord in person, and the former two were only helpers and companions of the apostles.

Muratori of Italy discovered a catalogue of all the books of the New Testament deemed canonical in the earliest times, which included the four Gospels. The two oldest translations from the Greek text used by the apostles themselves—the Peshito Syriac and the Itala—give the first place in order to the four Gospels. And both these versions are assigned to the second century. It is now known that harmonies of the Gospels, drawn up and arranged as early as A. D. 170, for the purpose of getting a complete portraiture of our Lord, throw a strongly confirming light on the matter of the origin and genuineness of the Gospels. One of them was arranged by Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, in Syria, who flourished as early as A. D. 168; another was by Tatian, a disciple of Justin Martyr, who flourished at about A. D. 165. Though these harmonies are not now extant, Jerome, of the fourth century, says that one of them was in existence in his day. Of the other the historian Eusebius speaks as well known in his time.

These well authenticated facts do not look much as if the fourth Gospel was written by some unknown person who was ignorant of Palestine and of the times of Christ, as late as A. D. 170, as says Mr. Fiske, of Harvard. Such an examination of the literature of the Fathers as I have been able to make satisfies me that the objections brought by skeptics against the canonicity and genuineness of the Gospels even, of the fourth, are of little or no weight. Says Tischendorf, the discoverer of

the famous Sinaitic manuscript: "There is no doubt that the earliest Latin translation of the Gospels was written soon after the middle of the second century. This oldest translation we possess at the present time, certainly in its main body." The version referred to is the Itala, or the Vatican, which is based upon it. Tischendorf thinks that the Sinaitic MS. was "coincident with the text which, soon after the middle of the second century, served the first Latin translator, the preserver of the Itala, as a foundation."

In the light of which we have brought forward only the earliest that shines on the pathway of the Church, there is good and reliable ground for adhering to the genuineness and canonicity of the four Gospels of our blessed Lord and Savior. Skepticism may object, but scholarship maintains the strength and truth of the words with which Tischendorf brings his researches to a close: "The victory of God in behalf of right belongs to truth." And a greater than he says: "He that is of the truth heareth my words," words which St. John has given us in the discourses of Jesus more fully and more at length than has either of the other evangelists. He was the apostle of love; his Gospel contains the inimitable sayings of the Truth and the Life, but the others wrote more largely of the *doings* of Christ. The four Gospels constitute a complete portraiture of the only begotten of the Father; or, as Irenæus says, "They are the four cardinal points," the supports and stays of the whole moral world.

Another line of thought drawn from the Gospel itself is this: The expression, "that disciple whom Jesus loved," occurring seven times therein, always designates *John*. I do not know that any body denies this. And almost all commentators, ancient and modern, are agreed that by this modest designation the writer, who never in this treatise gives his own name, means himself. At the close of the Gospel this same man affirms: "*This is the disciple which testifieth these things.*" It is he also of whom Jesus spake thus to Peter: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" A question which some persons interpreted to mean that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" and who testified and wrote these things, would not die, an idea based on the fact that they knew of no other future coming of

Christ than that at the end of the world. But it now seems clear, as it did to John and other surviving disciples, that by this remark our Lord meant his coming at and in the destruction of Jerusalem, which occurred A. D. 70; and it is noteworthy that of the twelve John alone lived till that event. Indeed, he survived it a number of years. Much force is added to this idea in that the last time this personal allusion is made by the writer of this Gospel to himself, it stands in close connection to, and that it led to, the inquiry of Peter and to this tenderly rebuking reply of Jesus: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" This is one argument, namely, "The disciple whom Jesus loved, which also leaned on his breast at supper," was *John*; and John was "this disciple which *testifieth of these things and wrote these things*;" who also lived till Jesus came by the Roman armies, and according to special prophecy and declaration of Jesus himself, in the overthrow of Jerusalem by them.

John was therefore the writer of the Gospel which bears his name. Indeed, even Renan admits that the fourth Gospel must have been written by St. John; that the style of the Gospel and Epistles which bear his name is evidence of a common authorship. He further admits that it is historically probable that the Gospel was written before the end of the first century, or less than seventy years after our Lord's ascension, which was, therefore, at least seventy or more years earlier than Mr. Fiske claims it was written. In this testimony the disciple is against his Master. Though in the thirteenth edition of his work Renan expresses an opinion that this Gospel was not written by John, he yet assigns it to the first century. But as to its authorship the united testimony of the best ancient and modern scholars are against them. As an instance, Irenæus, as quoted by Eusebius and Lardner, says, "Afterwards," that is, after the other evangelists had written, "John, the disciple of the Lord, who leaned upon his breast, he likewise published a Gospel while he dwelt at Ephesus in Asia." This was, of course, after his return from Patmos and after the destruction of Jerusalem. How, then, could the fourth Gospel, having within itself this evidence of its authorship, an evidence corroborated by strong external testimony, have

been written by an unknown hand as late as A. D. 1707?

In the light of these several facts, the like of which might be greatly multiplied, it is not strange that the accomplished Orientalist, Heinrich Ewald, holding a copy of the Greek Testament in his hand, said to Dean Stanley, "In this little book is contained the wisdom of the whole world"—an appreciative testimony to its genuineness and canonicity. But in order to fully appreciate this fact something more than scholarship is necessary. There is a Spirit-illumination which gives to many an unlearned believer more of the real meaning of the Gospels, of their truth and power, of their probable genuineness and reliability, than any body without such enlightenment can attain. And because of the peculiar character and special design of the fourth Gospel, there seems to be some sinister motive for the special animosity of skeptics towards it. Unlike the Gospel of Matthew, written at the East for the purpose of proving to Hebrew minds the Messiahship of Jesus; unlike the Gospel of Mark, written at Rome for the instruction of the western Churches; and un-

like that of Luke, written for the universal Greek world, the chief characteristics of the Gospel of John are its eminently Christian, spiritual, and divine truths bathed in love—that Jesus is the Son of God, come from the bosom of the Father to give life and salvation to the world. On the low plain of human wisdom this is too divine a thought to be unhesitatingly received; hence the repellent position of some persons. Indeed, a respectful regard to Patristic literature would induce me, rather than to follow in the wake of Strauss, Renan, and Fiske, to accept the theory of Professor Godet, who says: "The Christians of Asia Minor, toward the end of the first century, begged of John, who had the honor of being the especial friend of our Lord, and who was still dwelling among those at Ephesus, to reduce to *writing* the Gospel just as he used to *declare* it to them." Somewhat unlike the other evangelists, St. John takes us to the spiritual summits of our Lord's teachings, and declares more of the divine life of Christ as the Word made flesh for human redemption, than does either of the others.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.—The Czarina Marie was not much known to the people of Russia; but her life has been full of services to the country of her adoption, and we doubt whether woman ever served the state to better advantage than did this quiet, unpretentious wife of Alexander II. Surely no woman ever deserved better of her husband and received less acknowledgment, unless we except poor Josephine of France; and in history these two women will stand hereafter as representatives of womanly devotion to princes of most unprincely ingratitude and forgetfulness. A German by birth—the daughter of Louis II, grand-duke of Hesse-Darmstadt—she had been reared in the traditions of a small and refined court, very punctilious in its etiquette and aristocratic in its prejudices. When she became czarevna in 1841, she found little that was congenial to her tastes in the surroundings of the court of the Emperor Nich-

olas. She shut herself up within a circle of her own intimate friends, which she never much enlarged even after Alexander ascended the throne. Such a course was largely forced upon her by the very difficult part she had to play as wife of the czarowitch. There was great enmity between the czarowitch and his brother Constantine. The Russian court had split up into squabbling factions, and if the Grand-duchess Marie had lent her husband active support by means of her tongue and of intrigues, she might have brought matters to a perilous crisis. But her cool German temperament and great personal dignity stood her in good stead. She kept a retiring attitude, and generally pretended not to see any thing that was going on around her; and she avoided politics, except when she could speak with persons whom she trusted. Only on one occasion was her patience sorely tried. Her husband had gone to visit a fleet at Cronstadt

Constantine, who was grand admiral, had him put under arrest for not being in full uniform when he came on board. This was a deliberate insult offered to the heir apparent by his own brother. The ill-considered act might have had terrible consequences if the grand-duchess had espoused her husband's cause with intemperate ardor; but the future empress treated the matter with seeming indifference, and said to somebody who came to console with her, that the vindication of her husband's dignity might safely be left to the czar. Nicholas felt deeply grateful for this display of tact, and the secret feeling which he was supposed to have felt till then toward Constantine was transferred to Alexander. He not only punished Constantine with severity, but in the following year (when the Grand-duchess Marie's eldest son was born) made him swear allegiance publicly to his eldest brother under pain of being deprived of his admiralship. Constantine took the oath with ill grace enough, for he was the idol of the old Muscovite party opposed to the so-called "German clique," which looked to the czarowitch and the grand-duchess as their leaders, and he hoped to succeed to the throne. But from the day when the czarowitch's wife had foiled his outburst of temper by her judicious firmness and moderation, his chances were gone, for the laughers were no longer on his side; and an act which might have been the precursor of great political consequences was made to appear simply a freak of splenetic brutality. After her husband's ascension to the throne the Empress Marie's influence never appeared much in politics. As a woman, she sympathized with the wrongs of the serfs, and was glad to see them emancipated, since such was her husband's will; but she had not yet come to understand the Russian character thoroughly, and gave herself no pains either to conciliate the indignant party of Old Muscovites or to thwart their intrigues. His repeated infelicities and other causes of domestic trouble gradually lessened the little interest she had taken in Russian affairs, and she retired more and more within the circle of a few chosen friends. Many of her last years were spent away from home. When she was brought back finally to die in her palace she had little to fear from intrigue or malice, and the most devoted of wives and most judicious of women

passed away quietly to find in another world the peace she had not known here. Her earthly lot the words of Congreve truly tell:

" 'Tis, alas, the poor prerogative
Of greatness to be wretched and unpitied."

THE JEWS IN ROUMELIA.—These people have issued a forcible and pathetic appeal to their brethren in this country, asking for help to fly from the long-continued famine and horrors of persecution at home. They have good reason to doubt whether the bare existence, which is now all that is left them, will endure through the frightful hardships of another Winter. All they ask is to be brought to this country, where they can earn their own bread and worship God as they choose. With a grave dignity which has something childlike and pitiable in it, they protest again and again that they are strong, willing, and know how to work. "They will not be paupers or a burden if they can but set foot on the land of Washington." There is little doubt that their appeal will prove successful. The Hebrews, in this country at least, exercise charity with a systematic thoroughness and liberality which Christians might emulate to advantage. There is, unfortunately, no reason to question the truth of the representations of these people as to their sufferings, both from famine and oppression. A Blue-book has just been issued in England giving detailed accounts of the misery of the Roumanians, Mussulmans, Greeks, and Jews. Mr. Mitchell, the British consul-general in Philippopolis, says: "The statements are of so revolting a character that I can not without repugnance even comment upon them. The so-called Christian officers of Haskani and bashi-bazonks are minded apparently to pay back the atrocities committed a year or two ago upon Bulgarian Christians by the Turks in exact kind, and to return them, too, not only upon the Mussulmans, but upon Greeks and Jews." Sir Henry Layard protests against the "nameless cruelties to which all classes who do not profess the Bulgarian creed are subjected. Men are murdered and women and girls horribly outraged." It is hardly worth while to talk of creeds in connection with this subject. Religion has for years had nothing to do with the actions of the people of Bulgaria, except to give color to all possible horrors prompted by passion.

IS BISMARCK'S POPULARITY WANING?—To be sure, the smaller potentates wait upon him humbly, the strongest of them, Bavaria, having changed her representative in the federal council because the chancellor condescended to give him a verbal setting down. The executive ministers obey him implicitly. But they do it with a reluctance which every now and then draws from the chancellor some fiery word. But not the ministers alone annoy Prince Bismarck. There are whole classes and bodies of people with whom his popularity has been long decaying. The conservatives never heartily trust him. The entire body of Catholics, a third of the whole population, look upon him as an enemy. The lower masses, the artisans, the factory hands, and the miners, are becoming socialists in politics, mainly in antipathy to his system. The free towns, the petty states, the great municipalities all resent his disposition to whittle away their privileges and their separateness, and with the free towns go nearly all those deeply engaged in foreign trade. This is a very great body of opinion, and it is reflected with some faithfulness in parliament, where the prince has during the recent session, suffered several serious rebuffs. His South Sea Trading Bill was openly thrown out, though he sent down a message that he had it much at heart. His coming Tobacco Bill was anticipated by a resolution apparently in the air, but really directed *ad hoc*, that no such proposal would be acceptable. And finally his bill for transferring part of Hamburg to Altona, and putting the customs line below Hamburg instead of above it, subjecting Hamburg trade to the inconvenience of perpetual search, after the prince had himself spoken and himself threatened resignation, was "sent back to the committee," the German form of the English order that a bill be read six months hence. These things look as if the chancellor had wearied out the parties, and as if his threat of retiring and begun to lose its force. We do not say it has lost it. We can hardly think of any proposal, except, perhaps, a heavy increase of direct taxation to which Germany would not listen rather than finally lose the services of her hero; but still there are signs of growing impatience, of annoyances under needless pressure, of doubt, whether, after all, the empire is supported by one man. No doubt Prince Bismarck could

still dissolve with a full certainty that a majority would be returned in his name; but a dissolution can not be ordered every day, and representatives, however faithful, grow restless and angry when denied their freedom even of debate. There are clouds gathering about Prince Bismarck, and perhaps the most serious of them is this, that opposition now rouses in him such fretful anger. He has grown too great in his own eyes to laugh, when a laugh would often extinguish dangerous hostility. If Bismarck would only laugh we should not despair of his power to hold his own in Germany, at least, for a while longer.

THE RUSSIAN CHANCELLOR HAPPY ONCE MORE.—Among the persons whom Mr. Gladstone's success has made to laugh and be exceeding glad is Prince Gortschakoff. The Russian chancellor has long been very ill, and, as the cable has repeatedly made known to us, of late, dangerously so. It is said that the English people have given a new life to this octogenarian publicist, a statement which, in its variety of implication, may or may not be pleasing to the patriotic British heart. Prince Gortschakoff, it is reported, was sitting up in bed when Gladstone's success was announced, dipping a biscuit in a glass of claret. His face lit up, and the man whose lips for some time past could only frame a smile laughed outright. This is very unlike the effect of the news of the battle of Austerlitz on William Pitt, and the tory press of England will not fail to comment on the diverse influences to be traced from the distinction, and to construct from them deductions unfavorable to the liberal ministry.

HOW BERLINERS COME UNDER THE BAN OF THE LAW.—Since the passage of the anti-socialist bill no one in Berlin has been allowed to carry arms without a direct permit signed by the police authorities of his district. A few weeks ago a curiosity-dealer, while looking over his own private collection of antiquated odds and ends, lighted upon a quaint tinder-box dating from the earlier years of the last century, and shaped like a pistol, the barrel being utilized as a repository for tinder, a small portion of which, placed in the pan of the lock, could be ignited at will by the ordinary flint-and-steel-process. A patriotic impulse stirred the proprietor of this venera-

ble toy to present it to the Mark Brandenburg Provincial Museum; so, taking the tinder-box under his arm, he sallied forth complacently, resolved to take it to the museum in person. Hardly had he turned the

corner of his street when a hand grasped his shoulder, and a gruff voice bade him hie to the police station, there to answer to the serious charge of "carrying arms without a permit."

ART.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

IN a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Sir Robert Collier makes a most earnest and intelligent defense of landscape painting as a much abused and too little appreciated branch of the fine arts. It is quite doubtful whether even his main positions may not be successfully questioned by the advocates of the superiority of historic or even portrait painting. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to find one who can write so refreshingly upon a subject which is well worthy of more careful investigation. He justly complains of the neglect of writers on painting to give to landscape the prominence which it deserves. As an instance of this he refers to the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," where, in the article on "painting," consisting of eighty pages, not a dozen sentences are given to "landscape," and not one word said about the Dutch school of landscapists or about Turner. He proceeds to examine the reason of this silence, finding it naturally in the opinion usually entertained of the great inferiority and almost worthlessness of this branch of painting. His discussion of the justness of this opinion which has so widely obtained, is, if not convincing, at least strong and earnest. He compares the results of the two branches of painting in respect to their end or design, each claiming that the expression of the sublime and beautiful—historic in the human face and figure, landscape in the face of nature—is the object of their art struggle. Sir Robert puts the question squarely, "Is the sense of the sublime and beautiful to which the landscape painter addresses himself an inferior faculty to that which is addressed by the painter of history and portraits? Why? In what respect? Why is the state which is impressed by the mountain, the lake, the storm, and by well-painted representations of

them, a lower state than that which is impressed by a picture of Alfred burning the cakes, or the murder of Rizzio, or the battle of Trafalgar, or a portrait of George the Third, or if it is preferred, of Charles the First? What is the test by which the relative altitudes of these states of mind is to be measured? Is it that which necessarily implies the higher intelligence and culture? Assuming this test, there can be no question that less intelligence and culture are required for some appreciation at least for historical and portrait painting than are required for the appreciation of landscape. More are affected by historical and portrait painting in comparatively barbarous times, before the feeling for landscape could possibly have arisen. Virgil is guilty of no anachronism in representing Æneas as deeply moved by the historical paintings in the Carthaginian temple of the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, and Priam in the tent of Achilles; but Virgil would have been guilty of a gross anachronism if he had represented Æneas as capable of appreciating a landscape painting, supposing such a painting to have been then possible, of seeing grandeur or beauty, or any thing but discomfort in mountains or clouds, or any thing more than convenience in the most beautiful scenes. Virgil himself did not attain to the poetry of landscape; this was reserved for the higher culture, the deeper thoughts, and more original observation of Wordsworth. . . . If invidious comparisons are insisted on, the landscape painter may fairly maintain that he appeals to the higher sentiment, born later in the world's life, the offspring of a more advanced civilization. He may further maintain that the kind of landscape art which deals least with what is called "human interest," which seeks to impress the imagination by the ma-

festy of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space, which lifts the mind above man and his concerns, to the contemplation of God through the grandest scenes of nature, appeals to the highest intelligence of all.

But I deprecate comparisons. There is sublimity in the human countenance, in human action and passion. There is sublimity in nature. Who shall determine which sublimity is the sublime? It may be said, the human face and form express the soul of man; must not the representation of them be higher art than the representation of mere insensate matter? Those who believe the soul of man to be the only spirit in the universe may concede this; but if there be a Creator of man and of nature; and if, as poets and painters love to think, the sublime and beautiful in nature may be regarded as in some sense manifestations of the divine mind, gladdening and elevating our poor intelligences, surely nothing can be worthier of the highest art."

THE OLYMPIAN TREASURES.

THE series of metopes has also been enlarged. In the north-west corner the cycle of the labors of Hercules began with the combat with the Nemean lion. The head of Hercules belonging to this composition has been picked out of the plates of the stylobate. The tips of the nose, the lips, and the chin are missing. Hair and eyes are painted red; but the face, on the other hand, is white and smooth. The head rests on the right hand, and alone, among all those yet discovered, is youthful and beardless. The hero stood beside the slain lion, with his right foot planted on its body, his right elbow leaning on his thigh, and gazed with a melancholy air straight before him, as if he were thinking of the perils to come. Probably Minerva stood near him. The second metope was placed on the right of the first, and represented the contest with the hydra, also now discovered. The mighty body of the serpent twists itself from the left in huge folds and rises upward towards the right. Hercules has hewn off a number of heads. With the left hand he grasps one. Other necks thrust themselves forward. A bright red is still traceable on the background of the relief, while on the metope representing the

Cretan bull, whose head and legs have been found, the ground is a light blue. There is now only one metope not a trace of which has come to hand, that representing the stag of Cerynia. The style of the metope displays an affinity to that of the pediment, and, therefore, to the Athenian chisel; and a comparison with the corresponding metopes on the Theseum at Athens proves the style of Olympia to be more archaic, more limited and stiffer, undeniable facts of great archaeological importance.

The Nike of Paconius is again clad in the wide folds of her mantle. On March 27th the head of the infant Bacchus, whom the Hermes of Praxiteles bears on his arm, was brought to light, a new head of the Olympian Museum. The skull is small. The beautifully arranged locks of long hair are secured with a band and brought together in a small knot over the forehead. The face, features, and attitude are fully developed, and stand in no sort of proportion to the small forms of the body. But the movement of the infant's body is marked by indiscribable grace and loveliness. The little head is turned toward the left shoulder in order to look past the face of Hermes to the right hand. The left arm clutches at the grapes which Hermes holds; the right hand rests on the shoulder of the god. The archaic marble head mentioned by me some time ago and the shield of Phrixus and the foot belonging to it, are now settled to be portions of a portrait statue. Its Corinthian helmet, the three rows of corkscrew curls, the slanting eyes, the broad, bearded, laughing face, the fleshy cheeks, and the soft mouth are peculiarities of Eperastus mentioned by Pausanias, a descendant of the mythical Melampodidae and the Argonauts. He gained a victory about 500 B. C., for running in heavy armor, and so his statue was put up in the Altis, equipped with helm and shield. To the archaic statues belong also the two Eumenides of Laconia stone, pillar-like figures, motionless, standing, each with both arms pressed close to the body and holding a serpent in either hand.—*Athenaeum*.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS ON THE CONTINENT.

THIS is the title of a report made by the celebrated Dr. John Hulloh of England after

a very careful visitation of the chief schools in the north of Europe. The report abounds in interesting information in regard to methods of teaching, thoroughness of instruction and comparative results in the various countries visited. It need not be said that this is the only true way of gathering information which shall be really useful to the director of a national system of instruction. It is the glory of the nineteenth century philosophy that its methods have been largely comparative, and the rich results which have been yielded are a complete justification of the methods themselves. Dr. Hulloh spent much time in the normal schools and in studying the methods and results in the elementary schools. The results reached were hardly in accordance with what one might antecedently be led to expect. He does not award the highest praise to the German schools, and in the famous musical city of Vienna he found the condition of musical education in the normal and in the elementary schools in a very backward state; indeed, the schools of this city pleased him least of all which he visited. But he mentions with special commendation the male training school at Freising in Bavaria. Here the training continues five years, from thirteen to eighteen, and the position occupied in the curriculum by music is very prominent. The results realized justify the expenditure of time and money, and the elementary schools afterward feel the elevating influence of these thoroughly prepared teachers in the instruction given to children of comparatively tender age.

The reputation which Bohemia has borne for being the most musical country in Europe seems justified in the opinion of Dr. Hulloh. This love of music by the Bohemians has been noticed by various travelers. Dr. Hulloh does not think, however, that the training in the schools equals that of some other countries—notably Belgium and Holland. Rather is the reputation of the Bohemians based on the widely extended musical skill of her people, and on the musical feeling which seems so deeply implanted in their hearts. Confirmation of this, he quotes from the noted musical critic and historian, Dr. Burney: "I crossed the whole kingdom of Bohemia," says he, "from south to north, and, being very assiduous in my inquiries how the common people

learned music, I found out at length that, not only in every large town, but in all villages where there is a reading and writing school, children of both sexes are taught music. . . . I went into the school (at Czeslau), which was full of little children of both sexes, from six to ten or eleven years old, who were reading, writing, playing on violins, bassoons, hautboys, and other instruments. The organist (and schoolmaster) had in a small room of his house four clavichords with little boys practicing on them all; his son of nine years old was a very good performer."

To the schools of Belgium and Holland, however, Dr. Hulloh gives the preference both on the grounds of method and thoroughness. These schools, as also many in Germany, teach musical language contemporaneously with the mother tongue. It is claimed that the difficulties encountered in learning to read musical notation are not greater than those encountered in learning the vernacular. So that in the schools of Belgium the pupils are taught music by note and not by rote. The result is that they readily read music which was written out on a blackboard by Dr. Hulloh, and readily and correctly rendered music of a simple character at sight.

The report calls attention to three striking points of difference between the elementary schools of the continent and those of Great Britain—and we might add, America. 1. The scholars remain longer in, and are more regular in their attendance on them. 2. The amount of teaching force brought to bear upon them is greater than on ours. (This not true of some parts of the United States.) 3. More power of attention and more eagerness to learn are exhibited by continental than by English children. As Dr. Hulloh would attribute the less satisfactory results of musical training in elementary schools of Great Britain to these unfavorable surroundings, so would he also deny to the Bohemians and the Belgians any superior natural aptitude or genius for music over the average English child. In this he is substantiated by Dr. Burney's observations. The latter writer says, in speaking of the Bohemian people: "Upon the whole, however, these schools in which music is universally taught clearly prove that it is not from a partiality in nature that Bohemia abounds so much with musicians, for *cultiva-*

tion contributes greatly towards rendering the love and knowledge of music general in this country; and the Bohemians may as well be called a learned people because they can read, as superior musicians because they can play upon instruments, since the study of both are equally made there essential parts of common education."

This latter point made in the report of Dr. Hulloh is worthy of most careful attention by our American educational authorities. It is not a fact that the Bohemian, German or Belgian boy is superior in native endowment or

quickness of comprehension to the American boy, that he should accomplish in nine years what it requires the American boy thirteen years to accomplish in our American public schools. This will not afford the explanation to this diversity in time and result; but rather must we seek the cause in the false and vicious methods, as well as in the inferiority of instruction given in the American schools. The whole report of Dr. Hulloh is equally full of suggestion to Americans as to the English, for whose benefit it was especially undertaken.

NATURE.

SEASICKNESS.—Seasickness is a subject of extreme practical importance, as the amount of suffering caused by the disease is beyond estimate. Physicians have seemed to grapple with the problem to no purpose, till now it has come to be considered as beyond human control; more than this, besides regarding the malady as utterly inevitable, it has come largely to be regarded as a real blessing. This widely prevalent delusion will probably never die out till the sea itself dries up. On this question Dr. George M. Beard, than whom higher authority can not be found, has very recently written a most sensible little book, in which he clearly shows that this notion of the beneficial effects of the sickness is all nonsense; that it can be cured must effectually, concluding with lucid directions for treatment. In regard to the good that sometimes follows severe seasickness he says: "In all this belief is this basis of truth, that any acute disease, as typhus or typhoid fever, may clear out the system and work a change in the constitution which may be of benefit to the patient. This, however, is less true of seasickness than of almost any other disease. After one comes out from an attack he feels better, if he did not he would still be sick; but to one person who has this experience there are numbers who are weakened. Indeed, Darwin attributes his invalidism to a severe attack of seasickness which he experienced forty years ago. The popular and even professional view has been that seasickness was mainly a disease of

the stomach, liver, and digestive organs; and all the treatment that has been advised, such as capsicum, calomel, and champagne and cathartics, and starvation and feeding, have all been prescribed on this theory. In sick-headache the same mistake is made, and only recently we are beginning to know that nausea and vomiting come from the brain in such disorders as these, and as a natural and happy result have learned how to relieve and break up this terribly annoying sickness. It would seem inevitable that any mechanical agitation of the body, such as is caused by the rolling, pitching, and tremor of a ship, would affect primarily and chiefly the central nervous system. Vomiting is one of the symptoms of concussion of the brain; in seasickness there is a series of mild concussions. Here, it may be said, that one may be seasick on land. The jolting of a carriage or car causes in many a disorder identical with seasickness." The hygiene of the disease is very simple, according to Dr. Beard. He asserts that the best treatment of seasickness is to prevent it, and the best way to prevent it is to take large doses of bromide of sodium, say thirty, sixty, ninety grain doses three times a day for three or four days before starting, keeping this up while at sea until assured that the danger is over. A convenient way to take this salt is to dissolve half a teaspoonful or more in half a glass of cold water. The philosophy of this treatment is, that it bromizes the central nervous system, rendering it less susceptible to the molecular

disturbance of the nervous system caused by the movement of the ship. Dr. Beard has certainly had large experience in using this simple preventive, and knows whereof he speaks.

THE ELECTRIC EEL.—A. Von Humboldt visited South America in 1800, and was the first to give a description of the electric eel, at the same time relating the well-known story in regard to catching these animals by driving horses into the river so that the eels waste their stored-up electricity in striking the horses, thereby weakening themselves to such an extent that they can be captured with impunity. But ever since that time no reliable examinations of the *Gymnotus electricus* have been made, and as careful and extensive researches in this line were thought to be necessary, a German scholar, Dr. Sachs, was sent to Venezuela by the Berlin Academy of Sciences to obtain all possible information in regard to this mysterious animal. Immediately on his arrival at Calabozo, he set out to catch the eels, or tembladores, as the natives call them, by means of horses, in the manner described by his illustrious predecessor, but soon came to the conclusion that the natives had not the faintest idea of this process. Dr. Sachs had the greatest difficulty in obtaining help to catch the eels; for the natives fear this animal more than the wildest beasts of prey, as the electric shocks they receive from them are a perfect mystery to them, as they do not understand from whence the enormous force comes. Finally the most fearless hunter of the llanos agreed to undertake the hazardous experiment, and with his men set out with Dr. Sachs. They soon caught several eels by means of harpoons; but as it was desirable to have living specimens, a second attempt had to be made. Numerous eels were found assembled in a large river at the mouth of a brook, waiting to catch the smaller fish that swim down. They remain in the deeper water where it is impossible to catch them, but the natives have a most ingenious way of enticing them to come into the brook. They hid themselves behind trees and threw pebbles into the brook, upon which the eels, who seem to be of a very inquisitive nature, glided up the brook to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It was then an easy matter to pass a net across the mouth of the brook to prevent their re-

turn into the main stream, and another above the point at which they had congregated, and by bringing the two nets together the eels were caught and held between them. Numerous dead fishes and frogs appearing on the surface of the water, and the various exclamations of pain by the men occupied in drawing the nets out of the water, gave proof of the enormous strength the animals possessed. None of the natives would undertake to place the two eels which had been captured into a barrel, so Dr. Sachs was compelled to do it himself, and, although he placed his coat over the animals, he received several shocks of great intensity. The organs which enable the electric eel to produce such wonderful effects are double, and lie along the body; one upon the other, and consist of a great number of divisions. When full-grown the animal attains a length of from five to six feet. The body is rounded, the scales small, and barely visible.

SKIN GRAFTING FROM THE DEAD.—Dr. J. H. Girdner, house surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, has obtained some remarkable and valuable results in skin grafting during the past year. One patient who required such treatment refused to furnish grafts from his own body, owing to his fear of the pain involved; and unwilling to ask another to submit to a pain which the person to be benefited was unwilling to endure, Dr. Girdner tried the experiment of taking skin grafts from a corpse. Cutting a piece of skin from a patient who had died a few hours before, first taking pains to inquire whether the cause of death was due to a poisonous disease or not, he laid it, first cut into small bits, on the surface of the ulcers, and bandaged the leg up very firmly. In three days the grafts began to show signs of life, a perfect union having taken place, and in one week a fine skin, smooth and elastic, had grown over the ulcerated part, making a complete cure and leaving no scar behind. Since this first trial he has treated some fifty cases with invariable success; having, indeed, grafted the skin of the negro on to an Irishman, and vice versa, with ease. In both cases the skin lost its original color, changing its hue to suit the wearer.

UTILIZATION OF SUMMER HEAT.—Since May, last year, M. Mouchot has been carrying on experiments near Algiers with his solar

receivers. The smaller mirrors have been used successfully for operations in melting glass, where the heat required was not more than 400° to 500°. Among these are the fusion and calcination of alum, preparation of benzoic acid, purification of linseed-oil, concentration of syrups, sublimation of sulphur, distillation of sulphuric acid, and carbonization of wood in closed vessels—all these processes accomplished solely by the heat of the sun!

The large solar receiver has been improved by addition of a sufficient vapor chamber and of an interior arrangement, which keeps the liquid to be vaporized constantly in contact with the whole heated surface. This apparatus raised thirty-five liters of cold water to the boiling point in eighty minutes, and an hour and a half later showed a pressure of eight atmospheres. It also distilled directly twenty-five liters of wine in eighty-five minutes, producing four liters of brandy. Steam distillation was successfully done. But perhaps the most interesting results are those relating to mechanical utilization of solar heat. Lately the receiver has been working a horizontal engine, without expansion or condensation, at the rate of 120 revolutions a minute, under a constant pressure of 3.5 atmospheres. This result, which M. Mouchot says could be easily improved, is obtained in a constant manner from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., neither strong wind nor passing clouds sensibly affecting it.

ICE WITHOUT FREEZING.—A new skating surface, called "crystal ice," has been invented by a scientific Englishman. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, and that there is no lack of substances that crystallize at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Cantarient experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture, consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid on a floor by his plan, can be skated on with ordinary skates; the resistance of the surface being just equal to that of ice, looking like ice, and, indeed, when it has been skated on and become "cut up" a little, the deception is astonishing. A small experimental floor has been laid in the skating rink at Prince's, and has proved so successful, that no doubt a large floor will be made in the Autumn. The surface of the crystal can be made smooth at any time by

steaming with an apparatus for the purpose; and the floor itself, when once laid, will last for many years. The mixture of salts used contains about sixty per cent of water of crystallization; so, after all, the floor consists chiefly of solidified water.

POISONOUS PROPERTIES OF YEW TREES.—An English writer relates the following, as testimony to the suspected poisonous quality of the yew: "Some years ago I lost two valuable horses under these circumstances: The animals had been left standing under some yew trees while the cart which they drew was being filled. In the mean time the horses browsed on the dangerous foliage, but they soon repented of having done that; they died on the way, in the course of two hours. The animals had not drunk after eating the leaves. Another case: I am told that three cows had died in a neighboring parish in consequence of having eaten cuttings from yew trees. Many persons affirm that the yew foliage is only hurtful when in a withered state. The berries of the yew are always eaten with impunity by children, while spoons and dishes are made from the wood without harm resulting. It is generally allowed throughout Brittany that the planting of yew trees in churchyards is an emblem of the resurrection of the dead and the immortality of the soul, from its perpetual verdure and incorruptibility of its wood.

INGENUITY OF A WASP.—Mr. Seth Green says that one morning, as he was watching a spider's nest, a wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping cautiously around toward the entrance, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet; then, reaching out one of his antennae, he wiggled it before the opening, and withdrew it. This operation had the desired effect, for the proprietor of the nest, an unusually large spider, came out to see what was up. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point, when she was at a disadvantage for protecting herself, than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing her almost instantly. The experiment of tapping the nest was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside, he seemed to become

satisfied that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to calmly enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

PARASITE ON AMERICAN BLUE PIKE.—The *Journal of Microscopy* describes a new species of parasite found on blue pike. The fishermen of the Niagara River at Buffalo say that when the weather becomes warm the fish gets too lazy to take food, that it then loses flesh, and through its inertness becomes infested with these lice. Having given the subject special attention, Professor Kellicott, of Buffalo, is inclined to think the account of the fishermen is correct. The parasites occur usually on the head of the fish. As many as twenty were taken from one lean fish. When living specimens of this parasite, the *Argulus*, were placed in a tank with some minnows, they shortly fixed on them, the fish soon dying, apparently from this cause alone. When first put into the tank the minnows would pursue and catch the parasites, but would eject them with a suddenness and queer expression that was most amusing. The fishermen assert that after

frosts the blue pike become fat, and then no lice are found on them.

FORETELLING EARTHQUAKES.—An English paper contains an account of a lecture on earthquakes, given by Professor Palmieri. He stated that there was no doubt that earthquakes had some period of preparation. The earth is never perfectly quiet for some time before and after a great shock, but gradually increases in agitation, and sinks into subsequent repose. The professor believes that by registering the slight preliminary tremblings, and noticing their increase or decrease, it would be possible to foretell an earthquake about three days in advance, just as tempests are now foretold. If a connected system of seismographic stations were organized, the different posts connecting with each other by telegraph, it would be quite possible, in most cases, to issue warnings to the threatened district in time. These seismographic stations should be erected by the different governments in quiet places where the ground was not liable to be shaken by heavy railway trains.

RELIGIOUS.

THE NEW DEPARTURE OF PAPISTS IN ITALY.—Ever since the papal states were made a part of United Italy the ultra-clerical party has refrained, by directions of the pope, from taking any part in elections. This policy is now to be abandoned. Seeing how successful the clericals were in the recent municipal election at Rome, Pope Leo has decided to advise them to enter the field of general politics. This decision is a practical recognition of the Italian Government by the Vatican. At the same time it makes a fresh complication in Italian politics by introducing a powerful element which has hitherto held itself aloof. A new division of parties may result, for the activity of a large body of men, led by the priests, and strongly attached to the old traditions of the Vatican, will arouse opposition among the more liberal elements of the population of the peninsula. Politics in Italy have degenerated of late into factional and personal squabbles. It may be a good thing to

have a real cause of controversy introduced in the form of a menace from the Vatican to the stability of the present system of government.

PROTESTANTS IN ITALY.—It is known that the Protestant Church has made considerable progress in Italy during the past score of years; but most readers will be surprised to learn that there is now hardly a town in Italy, even of secondary importance, which does not possess at least one Protestant evangelical church. And it was only twenty years ago that the preaching of Protestants was first permitted in that country. Of the Churches, there are now two kinds. One class is composed of foreigners who were born Protestant, and subsequently went into Italy to live, such as English, Scotch, and American Churches, where the services are conducted in a language foreign to Italy; the other, of Italians who are converts from Catholicism, and worship, of course, in their native tongue. There

are fifty of the foreign Churches and one hundred and thirty-eight of the Italian. The Italian Churches are divided among the sects as follows: Methodists, 44; Vaudois, 39; Free Church, 21; Baptists, 19; Plymouth Brethren, 15. The present missionary and pastoral force comprises about one hundred duly recognized pastors, and fifty evangelists, the evangelists being in great part converts from Catholicism.

THE JESUIT EXPULSION.—The French Government has vigorously begun the work of enforcing the laws against the unauthorized religious congregations. First on the list of the proscribed come the congregations of the Jesuits. The order of Loyola is the most determined foe of the republic in France, the only foe of any consequence, in fact, it has in the whole world, and it is only natural that the party that brought the country out of the shipwreck of the empire and the commune should take measures to protect the work it has accomplished against those who would tear it down and destroy it. A domestic enemy is far worse than a foreign one, and it is unfortunate for the Jesuits that they have placed themselves in such a position. If they had been content to confine themselves strictly to their avocation, if they had not interfered in matters which do not really concern them, there can be no doubt that the republic would be the last to raise its hand against them. But they have chosen the other course, and they can not justly complain if the power they seek to overthrow, which is the supreme power of the land, adopts measures, however harsh, to protect itself against them.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN MARTIN LUTHER'S CHURCH.—A Sunday-school has been opened at Wittenberg in the church on whose door Luther nailed his ninety-five theses of salvation, and in which both he and Melancthon lie buried. It began with seventy girl scholars and seven female teachers, but has grown to such proportions, that in March last it was found necessary to use another church for a part of the school. The custom in continental schools of separating boys and girls added somewhat to the necessity for this. The scholars now number about four hundred, of whom three-fourths are girls. Five of the teachers are men and eighteen women. The superintendent is a

minister, who objected at first to any additional labor, since he was already overworked; but at last he yielded to requests, and now finds delight in the new occupation.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.—Dr. S. R. Brown, the Chinese and Japanese missionary, who died recently at Monson, Mass., was once a student and teacher in Monson, and to the academy at that place he sent the students from the East whom he induced to seek an education in America. It was there, also, that he sought rest and a restoration of health whenever he returned from Asia. His life for fifty-two years, with eight years excepted, has been given to work in China and Japan. He was a teacher in Canton as long ago as 1838, and taught Yung Wing, the present ambassador from China to this country, and the head and director of the movement to educate Chinese lads in American schools. The school at Canton was the first Christian school opened in China. A translation which Dr. Brown had completed of the Scriptures into Japanese was published about a year ago.

WHAT MOODY AND SANKEY DID AT ST. LOUIS.—They were four months in St. Louis, and from ten to twelve sermons were preached by Mr. Moody every week. Mr. Moody is described as having been a general in complete command, with the clergy for his lieutenants, and any body who knows any thing about his work will approve the comparison. No religious worker ever had matters so well ordered after his own plans, and so thoroughly within his control and supervision. The number of professed conversions is estimated to have reached two thousand four hundred, and the additions to the Churches seven hundred.

THE JEWS FAVORED IN GREECE.—There are several Jewish communities in Athens, Cephalonia, Corfu, and elsewhere. They have schools in which instruction in Greek is given, and the schools are helped by a subvention from the state. During the war with Turkey, a number of Jewish soldiers went to the front from Corfu, and they were highly praised for their patriotism and soldierly appearance and qualities.

A REMARKABLE COUNT.—Mr. E. Payson Porter, of Philadelphia, has collected, with great labor, statistics of Sunday-schools of

the United States, to be read at the Raikes' centennial celebration in London. He finds that there are 82,261 schools, 886,328 teachers, and 6,623,124 scholars, making a total of 7,509,452. In Canada there are 5,400 schools, 41,712 teachers, and 340,170 scholars. These figures include, of course, only Protestant evangelical denominations. There are in the world 1,460,881 teachers, and 12,340,316 scholars.

SHALL WE SUPPLY THE EPISCOPOI FOR THE REFORMED EPISCOPALIANS?—The new Reformed Episcopal Bishop Wilson, of Canada, was born in Liverpool, and educated at Oxford. He studied theology in this country, and began to preach in 1845 as a Methodist. Previous to his election he was pastor in Montreal, and secretary of the General Council. Had we not better contract to supply our sister Church with all the bishops she may need? This makes the fourth or fifth on the list from our body.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—The Rev. Francis Johnstone, of the city of Edinburgh, one of the fathers of the Baptist denomination in Scotland, is dead. He was author of several controversial works which attracted considerable attention at the time of their first publication. He was born in Edinburgh, where he has resided for the last thirty-four years.

—The Methodist New Connexion Conference, a body which originated in 1797, at its annual meeting at Longton, England, chose Dr. Cocker, principal of Rammoor College, as president for the ensuing year, and the Primitive Methodist Conference at Grimsby elected the Rev. C. C. M'Kechie.

—The Primitive Methodist Missionary Society of England has seventy-two mission stations in the United Kingdom, sixty in Canada, ninety in Australia, and three in Africa, with three hundred and eighteen missionaries and colonial ministers.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

OUR ENLIGHTENMENT DOUBTFUL—Should we boast of the progress of our age when a daily paper of such reliability and candor as the *Tribune* of New York City dares declare that the multitude of Americans believe in witchcraft and clairvoyance, or shall we deny the insinuation, and call the *Tribune* mistaken? Here is what that journal has to say: "Through the lower classes of the whole Middle, Southern, and Western States, there is an almost universal belief in witchcraft; not precisely the old hag-and-broomstick kind, but in countless powers of charms, spells, and divinations possessed by certain people. In Philadelphia and New York City, for example, there are women in almost every one of the worst streets earning a comfortable support by professing to remove the diseases inflicted by these charmers. Belief in the evil eye or 'overlooking,' is general throughout the mountain region of the Alleghanies from Pennsylvania to Georgia, neuralgia, epilepsy and the whole range of obscure nervous diseases being almost invariably referred primarily to this cause—this, too, by a class whose education and gen-

eral intelligence are very far removed from the lowest." Such a condition of affairs is amazing, no doubt, but no worse than this sneaking regard which we find in the best circles for certain superstitions. How many of us have sat down with twelve others at table without an outcry from somebody? Well, we are of the number of those who never have sat down publicly or privately at a spiritualistic seance, and we know of many others who will plead equally guiltless. On the other hand, we must confess with shame for our countrymen that this tendency is getting too common altogether. But should not one such case as that of Dr. Kiddle convince sensible people of the folly of spiritualistic seances and all its attendant wickedness? Medieval superstition was bad enough; we can not afford to make place for it in our age of enlightenment, and still hope to be respected for our professions.

AS DRUNK AS BLAZIERS.—We may live and learn. At one of the Lincoln elections we remember hearing a man in a crowd say

to another, speaking of the preceding night, "We got drunk as Blaizers." We never could make out what he meant until recently while reading Sir Thomas Wyse's "Impressions of Greece." Speaking of the reverence for St. Blaize in Greece (who is also the patron saint of the English woolcombers), and how his feast was observed in the woolen manufactories of the midland countries, he says, "Those who took part in the procession were called 'Blaizers,' and the phrase 'as drunk as Blaizers' originated in the convivialities common on those occasions." So good "bishop and martyr" Blaize is dishonored as well as honored in England, and very probably in Greece.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—A wealthy English parvenue who began life with a lapstone on his knee, invited Kulack the great pianist to dinner, and immediately after the meal insisted on his playing for the company. Kulack complied, and invited the snob to a dinner at his residence on the following Sunday. After the meal Kulack astonished his guests by placing a pair of old shoes before his rich parvenue friend. "What are these for?" queried the latter. Kulack replied, "Last Sunday you did me the honor to invite me to dinner and insisted on my paying with music. I have returned the compliment and require my shoes to be mended. Every man to his trade."

HOW A ROTHSCHILD MADE HIS MONEY HIS CHARACTER.—Among a number of autographs at an auction sale held at Frankfort-on-the-Main on the 17th ult., was an original letter from Meyer Anselm Rothschild bearing the date of 1804, addressed to a Hessian cabinet minister who owed him money, with which he was loath to part. Upbraiding the prince for delaying payment, he continued in these striking and characteristic words, of which the following is a free translation: "If it should cost all my worth in the world, I must make payments *punctually*, and I trust a prince is bound to do the same. Be assured my money maintains my honor, and *my honor is my life*."

WHO MAKE UP THE FRENCH NOBILITY?—A correspondent of the London *Truth* observes that at the last mourning mass in Paris for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette he was

struck with the prevalence of the Jewish type among the noble ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain—a fact not very remarkable when it is remembered that the young Duchesse de Grammont is a Rothschild, the Duchesse de Richelieu a Heine, the Duchesse de Castries a Sinn, the Princess de Polignac a Mires, the Marquise de Jancourt a Hirsch, the Duchesse de Alberfera (a clerical Bonapartist) a Schieckler, and a great lady attached to the household of the queen of Henri Cinq a Hirsch.

WOMAN'S HOPES.—In early youth perhaps women said to themselves, "I shall be happy when I have a husband to love me best of all;" then, when the husband was too careless, "My child will comfort me;" then, through the mother's watching and toil, "My child will repay me all when it grows up." And, at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily traveled through, the mother's heart is weighed down by a heavier burden, and her only hope is in heaven.

WOMEN TO HOLD OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE STATE.—What a squabble this will give! Women eligible for school-trusteeships according to the new order of things. But then the men gladly give away offices like these—plenty of work and no pay, except perhaps the curses of the community. However, there is no telling what this may be the first step to. We have not the faintest idea that this office is the only one that will open to women. Once successful, others must give them a place also. It is more than likely that the women of New York will vote and avail themselves more largely of the privilege accorded them than did their sisters of Massachusetts. However, we shall see what we shall see.

JACK.—"Jack" would at first sight appear to be a familiar abbreviation of John, and to be applied in that sense. It occurs in jack-tar, roasting-jack, boot-jack, jack-of-all-trades, jack-boots, jackey (gin), jack, part of the machinery of a lock and of a piano-forte; jack, an engine for raising heavy weights; jack-knife, jack-towel, black-jack. In some instances where the word occurs, such as jack-ass, jack-daw, jack-a-napes, jack-a-lent jack-pudding, it is manifestly derived from Jack, the familiar name for John; but in the

examples above cited the true etymology of the word is to be found in the Celtic or Gaelic *deagh* (d before the vowels e and i is pronounced j). *Deach* (or *jeagh*), the Kymric *da*, signifies good, fit, appropriate, excellent, well. A jack-tar is a good sailor; a roasting-jack is an instrument fit or appropriate or good for the purpose of roasting; a jack-of-all-trades is one fit to turn his hand to any thing useful; a jack-knife is a good, useful, and large knife; a boot-jack is good to pull off boots. Jackey, a slang word for English gin, means also strong ale, and among children a species of sweet-meat, and is in all these cases synonymous with something good, as the French call a sweet-meat a *bon-bon*, or as the Scotch call them goodies. Black-jack is an old name for a large bottle of black leather, good to hold beer and other liquors. Beaumont and Fletcher have preserved the words: "There is a Dead Sea of drink in the cellar in which goodly vessels lie wrecked, and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flagons and black-jacks, like churches drowned in the marshes."

PRAYER IN THE ARMY.—On that Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, when Commodore Downie of the British squadron was sailing down on the Americans, as they lay in the Bay of Plattsburg, he sent a man to the mast-head to see what they were doing on Commodore M'Donough's ship, the flag-ship of the little American squadron. "Ho, aloft!" said Downie, "what are they doing on that ship?" "Sir," answered the lookout, "they are gathered about the mainmast, and they seem to be at prayer." "Ah," said Commodore Downie,

"that looks well for them, but bad for us." It was bad for the British commodore, for the very first shot from the American ship was a chain-shot which cut poor Downie in two and killed him in a moment. M'Donough was a simple, humble Christian and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle. He died as he lived, a simple-hearted, earnest Christian.

A RETORT.—A millionaire of Paris once wrote to Scribe: "My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage, at my own expense, and we will share the glory." Scribe answered as follows: "My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal, because my religion teaches me it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together." To which the millionaire replied: "Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. You are at perfect liberty to call yourself an ass, but by what authority do you call me a horse?"

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—A vulture can fly at the rate of a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The common crow can fly twenty-five miles; and swallows, according to Spallanzani, ninety-two miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta twenty-four hours after the departure of Henry IV from Fontainebleau.

LITERATURE.

THE readers of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY of two years ago became aware of the fact that there appeared in its consecutive numbers portions of a story or novel with the title *Among the Thorns*. Some of them, no doubt, read these installments as they appeared, month by month, and probably some others the whole together after the series was completed, and still others, we are assured, desired

to possess the work in a volume, should it be published in that form—as in view of its merits they had a right to expect would be done. The publishers of the magazine, however, to whom the matter belonged, did not choose so to issue it, but gave permission to the author, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, to have it reprinted. This has accordingly been done by G. W. Carleton & Co., of New York, and now

"Among the Thorns" is among the multitude of new novels sent forth from the press during the current season. Being thus individualized, and having become quite distinct from the work in which it first appeared, it becomes a proper subject for our critical scalpel; or, to change the figure, having wandered away from our fold out into the wide world, it is now lawful game for our archery. We accordingly sit down to "notice" it.

"Among the Thorns" is a novel of the standard or regulation pattern. As here seen, it is a duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages, pretty closely printed. It is, of course, in form a narrative, beginning rather quietly, but soon getting thoroughly mixed up, involving a good many persons who appear in succession on the stage, with often painful complications, giving occasion for hopes and fears, and, indeed, almost every passion to which the human heart may become subject, and so affording opportunities for character-painting, for showing up the iniquity of wrong-doing, and the inevitable Nemesis that pursues even the secret transgressor, as well as the recompense of right-doing at the end of not a little real suffering. The scene of the story is laid principally in this country, having New York City, some place in Florida, and another in Vermont as its chief localities, with occasional European diversions into Great Britain and Italy. But the scenes have but little to do with the story further than to afford an occasional illustration or ornament, and accordingly the writer successfully avoids any thing that might seem to identify the places referred to. That can quite readily be done in such a city as New York, but not so easily in respect to the other localities; and, accordingly, the reader very naturally fixes the site of "Thornton" somewhere among the Green Mountains of Northern Vermont, while the Florida scenes must be located among those hiding-places that so allured the search of the old Spaniards. A pretty wide acquaintance with the chief places of that peninsula never disclosed to our vision such a place as was that old plantation of Robert Thorn's. But as the time of the story was before "the late unpleasantness," and our observations were made after those events, we are not prepared to declare even the Florida scenes purely fictitious and contrary to the facts.

The *dramatis personæ*, a somewhat numerous company, and nearly all of them rather clearly individualized, constitute the chief working machinery of the story, and upon their conduct in the various trying circumstances into which they are brought, and the development of their own well-rounded selves, its chief interest concentrates. They also present a wide variety of characters, and yet all are so brought together by their common interest, their hopes and fears, that like a company of shipwrecked strangers, they are forced together by their identity of interests. The story is rather multifarious as to places, persons, and conditions; and yet every thing is so successfully made to contribute its part to the common whole that the unity of the plot is fairly maintained. The variety, however, is quite enough to guard against repetitions of the same ideas or images, and each person is so distinctively and uniformly himself that whatever each may say or do is his own, just as he must say or do, and as no other could have done.

The reader is first of all introduced into the home of Richard Thorn, the head of a large mercantile house in New York, with, besides the lord of the mansion, his wife, apparently a little older than himself, a self-adjudged invalid, who, it soon appears, had once had another husband, of which marriage a daughter, now grown up to young womanhood, is a chief member of the family, while a crippled boy in his early teens is the only son of the Thorns. At the opening of the story the news has just been received that Robert Thorn, the only brother of the chief person in this part, is near to his death of pulmonary consumption at his home in Florida, whither Richard must hasten, taking his crippled boy, Hugh, with him. Robert Thorn having come into view, must next be fairly introduced. He was Richard's younger brother, very dearly beloved, but compelled by disease to reside in a warmer climate; and so he had gone first to Italy, where he became enamored of art, but at length more deeply enamored of a fair senorita, whom by the merest accident he had rescued from a band of robbers; and after their marriage they had gone to reside in Florida, where a daughter was born to them, and afterwards the young Italian mother was taken away, and her daughter left to the care of a nurse. The home of Robert Thorn was

that of the ideal Southern gentleman, with the addition of the taste and love of art brought from beyond the sea, and the stern moralism inherited from New England. The death of Robert Thorn, which occurred soon after the brothers met, brought into the hands of the survivor a large estate, which he was charged to care for and administer for the benefit of his doubly orphaned young niece, whose chief protector, after her invalid father, was a quadroon nurse, who, by a strange freak of monomania, produced by the loss of her own little child, that had been carried off in her absence, conceived Rubetta Thorn to be her own lost child, to whom she was madly attached. The death of one of the brothers brings into the scene a maiden aunt from Vermont, in whom the writer attempts, with admirable success too, to combine all possible female excellences. In her character, on the groundwork of her ancestral Puritanism, was superinduced all the tenderness of a mother, the unselfishness of a sister of mercy, and the Christian hopefulness of a saint, and though encompassed about with other and much more approved religious associations, Patience Thorn was a Methodist with only the not exceptional virtues of her sect. Her personal attendant—Rachel—a perfect specimen of the best class of New England “helps” of fifty years ago, is also quite as sharply characterized, and she contributes her full share to the filling up of the tale. And while returning northward, after the earliest stages of the story had been enacted in Florida, a stranger of foreign birth and high accomplishments becomes associated with the sad family, who appears again as the narrative proceeds, and becomes one of its most characteristic figures. These with the requisite accessories of servants and chance persons make up the groups upon which the writer exercises her graphic powers, and through whom she seeks to bring out the lessons of the tale.

The plot of the story was evidently to the writer only a matter of secondary interest, designed simply to afford the desired opportunity for character painting and the illustration of passion, the subtle deceitfulness of temptation, and the abiding and conquering force of genuine moral principles. While Richard Thorn was waiting by the side of his dying brother his business affairs in New York were approaching the fatal crisis, toward which

they had long been manifestly tending; and at the same time he finds himself possessed of vast wealth that belonged to his little niece, while his own estates were slipping away from him. His brother's will had made him the legatee of all in case of the child's death. But she had not died. And now came in the strange claim of the quadroon nurse, Marah, that little Rubetta was her own child—a pretense which the child's Italian complexion and eyes did not render entirely preposterous. And if that pretense were allowed then, indeed, not only was not Rubetta Robert Thorn's heir, but instead his property; and now Richard Thorn was the legal owner of both the estate and the child too, as his slave. That the temptation should come to him in such a case, to relieve his own fearful embarrassments, by accepting the slave woman's story as true, would not be altogether unnatural. It did come, was parleyed with, and the most lamentable results followed. Little Rubetta's estate was secretly drawn upon to relieve the pressing embarrassments of her uncle and guardian, with vague purposes that all should afterwards be made right. Here began the complications, the unwinding of which makes up the story.

The two distinctive characteristics of Mrs. Dickinson's conceptions of character are their force and clearness. By virtue of the latter each character introduced is so completely individualized that he or she is always self-consistent, and specifically unlike every other; while, by reason of the forcefulness of the conception, the images are thrown into bold relief, or they appear like portraits that seem to stand out from the canvas. Both of these are high excellences, but the latter may also be so employed as to become a fault. Of a certain portrait-painter, who was also a physiologist, it was said that all his subjects seemed to have been flayed. The clearness of his conceptions of the form and structure of each muscle, as it lay beneath the skin, guided his hand in depicting the member to which it belonged, so that while he should have portrayed only the surface, that which lay back of it became apparent. Some little tendency to this kind of exaggeration may be seen in some of these pen-portraits. Aunt Patience is the same earnest and intensely saintly one, and nothing else, all the time. Hugh is always good and noble and manly and devout, and Monteith is,

in cases, the soul of honor, an embodiment of enlightened conscientiousness, and always entirely equal to the demands of the hour and the situation; and Rubetta, as child and maiden and wife, is both uniformly and intensely like herself. The two female characters in Richard Thorn's family each very forcibly illustrates its own phase of female weakness and perversity, yet not wholly without amiable and redeeming qualities. The negro characters introduced are not merely appendages or supernumeraries, but each is drawn to the life, and in each is illustrated some one of the blights and curses that grow out of the system of slavery. Tom, Aunt Patience's fugitive and *protégé* who came to her in Vermont, making his way to Canada, is an excellent reproduction of the completed work of the system which takes away every vestige of manhood and moral principle, and leaves behind only servility, low cunning, and systematic falsehood. Uncle Pete, Robert's body servant, is the proper representative of the superannuated house servant, obtrusively self-appreciative, disinclined to labor, not scrupulously truthful, but superabundantly religious in profession. But the occasion upon which the author, in the profession of a painter of moral and mental portraiture, evidently put forth her best efforts, is where she attempts to depict those deepest and most subtle influences of the system, as shown in the abnormal conditions of a cultured and sensitive nature entangled and hopelessly held in the meshes of slavery. Marah, the quadroon, after having been reared as a housemaid, and treated with the tenderness of a child of the family, during which her tastes became finely developed, and a good degree of book-learning had been attained, had at length, as a punishment for some offense, been driven out to work as a "field hand," where her sufferings, heightened beyond description by the loss of her children, whether by death or sale, she knew not, is at length bought into the family of Robert Thorn as lady's maid and nurse to her mistress and her infant daughter, whom, in the mania produced by her own mental anguish, she conceived to be her own lost babe. This hallucination, though quite natural, and also made to act a conspicuous part in the drama, was not a necessary adjunct in the

writer's work of character painting. The image to be presented was that of a slave woman of a highly susceptible nature, refined by culture, and informed by study, exposed, by turns, to the sunshine of kindness and the roughest storms of brutal despotism, with a superabundance of the affectional elements of character, which were rendered morbidly sensitive by her relations as a mother bereaved of her children, whose whereabouts she could only conjecture, with all her loves and hopes concentrated upon one child, whose relations to herself she only madly suspected, but dared not to assert. More fitting elements for genuine tragedy could not be desired—similar ones have been so used by Mrs. Child and Mrs. Stowe, and more recently by the author of "Toinette," scarcely the inferior of either—and though there is very little of stage-display in the story here given to us, yet with equal effectiveness, and in much better taste, the abomination of desolation wrought by slavery is brought out with convincing and impressive forcefulness. This may no longer be needed, in order to slay again the slain; but it has its use, not only to vindicate the past and to emphasize the public verdict against "the sum of all villainies," but also to guide the inquiries of the students of social science in respect to the sources and the impelling causes of some of the evil influences that still rest like a nightmare upon American society in both the state and the Church.

The religious element in the volume under notice, though scarcely confessed, and nowhere ostentatiously displayed, may still be everywhere detected and its influences apprehended. In no case can the most fastidiously exacting in such matters detect even the flavor of cant. Uncle Pete's pious outgivings are introduced as part of the picture, but neither to be indurged as genuine, nor to be sneered at as specimens of religious discourse. But the real thing brought into notice, possibly half-unconsciously, is the silent and far-reaching power of early religious culture and of family religion. This is seen in the influences that were felt and recognized by the brothers who had gone out from their New England homes, and as too many have done in the great world, seemed to forget the lessons of their youth, but still could not forget them. It assumed some of its very best forms in the character

and life of Patience Thorn, who lived only to do good, apparently without any suspicion on her part of her own goodness. It cropped out anew in large proportions, and equally without cant or dissimulation, in the character of Hugh, in whom, as is not infrequently the case with family traits that come out in full force away down the line of descent; for the religious element of the Thorn stock, which in the second generation above him bloomed out so brightly in Aunt Patience, experienced an occultation in the generation next above him, appeared in wonderful fullness and maturity all the best characteristics of genuine Christian manhood. The character of Graham Monteith, the young Scotch laird, who seemed always to turn up just when most needed, and who proved the real rescuer of the whole family, compensating himself by bearing away its choicest treasure in the person of little Rubetta, is indeed exceptional, but neither unnatural nor overdrawn. He has traits in common with the "Mr. Burchard," in the "Vicar of Wakefield," but is a much stronger and higher character.

The denouement, as in duty bound to be, is on the whole pleasant, though not remarkably so. Most of the persons of the drama survive its close, and only a single marriage occurs, which disposes of two of the chief characters. We quit the household, still standing in its integrity, wishing them long life and many happy days.

AMERICAN citizens (using that term in the common gender) should know something of the elements of parliamentary law, for most of them have occasion for its use at some time, and generally it may be said that they take to it as readily as young ducks to water. A concise manual should therefore be a part of every one's outfit in life, though, for the greater part no two of them agree on many ordinary points of order, and accordingly each deliberative body is compelled to adopt its own rules. A concise system of such rules,* as good as the average, is just now issued which has the advantage of being easily intelligible and not

complicated, and generally based upon the common sense of the subject, and small enough to be both cheap and portable.

SAMUEL LOVER, described in the opening sentence of his biography as "Painter, Etcher, Lyric Poet, Musical Composer, Executant, Novelist, and Dramatist," is remembered chiefly in two of these characters, the third and sixth as given in the lists, by readers of those departments of literature of thirty years ago. He was an Irishman of the wildest and most thoroughly national characteristics, as such poems as "Rory O'Moore," and "Molly Carew," and such novels as "Handy Andy," and a multitude of less extended pieces sufficiently attest. An appreciative personal friend has prepared his biography with notices of his principal literary productions and selections,* altogether presenting a fair and pretty full account of their subject and author. It will be prized by those who delight in such wild extravagances as Lover so much delighted in.

It is an old saying, but not an absolutely correct one; either morally or judicially, that "Ignorance of the laws excuses no one." It is, however, so far true that every one, and especially all who enjoy the privileges and must bear the responsibilities of citizenship, should have some general acquaintance with the laws under which he lives. And yet it is alike undesirable and unwise that every man should attempt to be his own lawyer, or to acquaint himself with all the statutes to which he is subject. To meet this necessity a writer learned in the law has written a book,† which he calls "A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land," and which seems intended to afford to laymen in this department information that may be of real and practical value. After a division devoted to certain general and historical matters, there is first a chapter of "National Subjects;" then another on "State Subjects;" next on "Life in City and Country," and last of all on "Travel and Transportation." These are all

*AMERICAN MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW, or the Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies, Systematically Arranged for the Use of the Parliamentarian and the Novice. By George T. Fish. New York: Harper & Brothers. 24mo. Pp. 140.

*SAMUEL LOVER. A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By Andrew James Symington, F. R. S. N. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 256.

†JUDGE AND JURY. A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. By Benjamin Vaughn Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 432.

homely subjects, and the more useful for that reason, and hitherto it has been especially difficult to find them so set forth that they might be readily referred to and learned. The book is one for every citizen, and could it be possessed and read by all we should have more intelligent juries, less litigation, and better order in society.

White Hands and White Hearts is the title of a new and exceedingly interesting book just published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, written by Ernest Gilmore. It is well written and pure in tone. A deep religious spirit pervades the whole volume, making it specially adapted to Sunday-schools and home reading. 12mo., 278 pages, price \$1.25.

MARY ANERLEY, *A Yorkshire Tale*, by R. D. Blackmore—a writer somewhat known by omnivorous novel readers—after having appeared in quarto form as part of Harper's Franklin Square Library, is now issued by the same house in a sextodecimo volume of over five hundred pages, in larger type and more convenient to handle.

AMONG the more recent of the *Franklin Square Library* are (No. 125) *Poet and Peer*, by Hamilton Aidee; (No. 126) *The Duke's Children*, by Anthony Trollope; (No. 127) *The Queen*, by Mrs. Oliphant; (No. 128) *Miss Bouviere*, by Mrs. Malesworth.

Harper's Half-hour Series gives us (No. 141) "National Banks;" (No. 142) "Life Sketch of Macaulay."

EX CATHEDRA.

"CHURCHLY LOYALTY."

In the final number of the *Daily Christian Advocate*, published after the General Conference had adjourned, we read:

"It is to be hoped there will be a revival of *churchly loyalty*, which will thereafter rid it of those destructive theories that at the conference just closed were so persistently put forward, for the purpose of making ours a Methodist Presbyterian Church instead of a Methodist Episcopal Church."

Some surprise has been expressed at this paragraph, and the inquiry is heard, what does it mean? In itself it may mean very little, only showing that the editor, who, pretty early in the session, showed a disposition to have his individual spoon in the General Conference porridge, till effectually snubbed into silence by that body, after its adjournment "used his liberty" *quoad hoc*. He had just before that time been taking lessons in Methodist ecclesiology of a high authority, and had passed over all the way from the lowest to the highest school of thought, on that subject, and no doubt was spoiling for an opportunity to ventilate his newly formed opinions. But just why and how he found cause for his charge against somebody for having at the late General Conference "persistently put forward" any theory of Church polity, we can not understand, for

to us it seemed there was very little said or intimated on the subject, much less, indeed, than has usually been heard. But, evidently, the thing had to be said, and as no legitimate opportunity offered, it had to be dragged in, "out of order."

But though this utterance would be wholly unimportant if it stood alone, yet because it is not alone, but is rather an echo from a higher and more widely sounding voice, it has a significance that is not really its own. That word "churchly," though new and strange in Methodist terminology, is one very much in use, in the vocabulary of our little prelatical sister, who calls herself, *THE Church*. And then the second of the two words, "loyalty," has come into use within a few years, with a peculiar and closely defined meaning, indicating the acceptance of certain notions of Methodist ecclesiasticism of which our fathers knew nothing, or knew them only to repudiate and condemn them.

It is assumed that presbyterianism and episcopacy are incompatible and antagonistic forms of Church government, and that because our Methodism is episcopal, therefore it is not presbyterian, but actively opposed to presbyterianism. Much higher authorities than the late editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate* have "put forward" this strange notion,

though the earliest utterances of this kind have not yet got beyond their teens. Their promulgation seems to presume that the generation of Methodists who are expected to receive them have either forgotten, or else never knew, the history and theory of the Methodist episcopacy. When Mr. Wesley had "set apart" a certain presbyter of the Church of England to be the "superintendent" of the American Methodist Church, he defended his action by claiming that in the primitive Church "bishops and presbyters are of the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain," in which saying he, of course, claimed only a presbyterian origin for the episcopacy, which he then (provisionally) instituted. On this ground alone does Watson, in his *Life of Wesley*, base his defense of that action, and the same method is adopted by our own best writers on the subject, Bangs, Emory, and Stevens, though Alexander McCaine, in his "History and Mystery," in order to discredit the whole affair, took the other view of the case. Indeed, no Methodist authority of an older date than ten or fifteen years ago, ever intimated, in direct terms, that the Methodist Episcopal Church could, or had any occasion to, claim any other than a presbyterial source for its episcopacy.

But the extract given above from the *Daily* is much worse than a mere mistake and error of opinion. It is an impertinence, and should be so treated. We close with the words of our Pennsylvanian contemporary, *The Conference News*, whose language relative to this matter expresses our estimate of the case:

"What, then, does it mean? That those who see a tendency toward prelacy and ritualism in our Church, and lament the visible departure from the simplicity of early Methodism in many quarters, and would bring back the departing glory by putting more emphasis on the *Methodist* and less on the *Episcopal* portion of our title, are revolutionary? In fact, it can mean but one thing, so far as we can see, and that is, that all who differ from the author of the utterance on questions of Church polity are 'disloyal.' That kind of talk will not do even in an official organ of the Church. It smacks too much of 'the despotism of a majority,' and ought to be rebuked as it deserves."

WHEDON ON CURRY.

SEVERAL years ago when the name of Harper & Brothers indicated four stalwart men of

business, the writer hereof received a recently published volume of the senior member of that house with the accompanying admonition, "Now see that you say something about it." And when we responded that possibly we would find it not worth saying any thing about, the ready reply was, "Then say that, — any thing rather than dead silence." We have since on not a very few occasions in our experience been reminded of that remark, and have felt its force and fitness and especially as to the say-nothing policy of the official Methodist press respecting some things we have published. But this remark does not apply to the *Quarterly Review*, which certainly has not ignored us. And had it done so heretofore, ample compensation would now be found in the twelve full pages of its last issue devoted to our two recently published volumes of miscellanies.

Dr. Whedon's opening paragraph of more than half a page is such an indorsement and testimonial from a thoroughly competent critic, and one not at all prejudiced by undue personal favor, as ought to satisfy the most exacting appetite for appreciation. And though its juxtaposition might suggest the thought that this is but as the garlands thrown over the victim as he is led to the sacrifice, all who know Dr. Whedon will stoutly deny that he is capable of using a false criticism for any such purpose. We certainly prefer to think that he wrote those strong sentences believing all that he uttered and because he believed that truth and justice required him to write them. We also extend to him the same charitably just judgment in respect to what follows, though here we should certainly hesitate before conceding that he has the right of the matter on his side.

We have carefully observed Dr. Whedon's career as a scholar and a man of letters for nearly half a century; have admired him for his incisive thinking, his piquant style of writing, and generally for his originality and independence as a thinker and writer, both philosophical and theological. But before we became his pupil we had begun our own theological studies with the old Methodist standards for our text-books, and some of the ablest living Methodist theologians of that day for our personal instructors.

The anti-Calvinistic writings of Wesley and

Fletcher fully commanded our youthful assent, and when a little later Watson's Institutes gave us their formulated doctrines in a systematic form, that work became our theological standard; and a pretty wide reading and study of both inspired and human authorities extending over more than forty years have not removed those early convictions. We have also studied the famous Arminian controversy in Holland, and not only do we agree with all that the Remonstrants objected against their opponents, but we should decidedly hesitate to indorse some of the concessions made in favor of Calvinism by Arminius himself. Certainly he "leans too much towards Calvinism" for our notion. Our reading, however, has shown us that there appeared in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a pseudo-Arminianism that was really a semi-Pelagian naturalism, against which Wesley wrote his treatise on *Original Sin*, with which strange doctrine we have no sympathy. Now, as we have read after Dr. Whedon, and compared his utterances with that of our old masters, we have detected a difference. And having drunk of the old wine we have not desired the new, for to our mental and spiritual palate "the old is better." And for this preference we have been written down a *Calvinist*, a term sufficiently odious to damage any Methodist minister to whom it may be applied, as the cry of *mad dog* at once puts in jeopardy the life of the canine against whom it may be uttered; and should later inquiries prove that the charge was untrue that discovery would not bring back the forfeited life. In politics a charge or impeachment is good enough if only it will keep till after election. We do not say that this charge has been made with any such design. We certainly do not suspect Dr. Whedon of any such purpose; nor do we write him down as either a Pelagian or a rationalist, though we find it difficult to place him among Wesleyan Arminians.

Dr. Whedon's natural bent of thinking has led him to much philosophizing, especially in the department of metaphysics, in which he has made the doctrine of the Will a specialty. His work on that subject is generally conceded to be able, acute, and incisive; but some have doubted whether it is at all points conclusive, affording a satisfactory solution of some of the

recondite questions involved in that field of thought. We have failed to find in it satisfactory answers to some of our mind's questionings, and have had the temerity, quietly and tentatively, to suggest our doubts. Of course, a mere smatterer in such matters ought not to set up his opinions against the settled conclusions of a great authority, and accordingly we have usually avoided the discussion of the subject as too deep for our sounding line and as presenting too abstruse a labyrinth for our ability to trace its convolutions. But once, nearly twenty years ago, we half-playfully, yet believing all we said, wrote a magazine article that ventured to call in question the infallible correctness of some things in one of his chapters. And lately in compiling a volume of "fragments" selected from our former contributions, this peccant, serio-jocose critique found a place, and so has become the occasion of an elaborate re-discussion of the whole subject, with frequent references to the writer and his article, in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for July, 1880.

For obvious and sufficient reasons we shall attempt no response to its strictures. Every reader of it will be satisfied that the reviewer and the reviewed are not wholly agreed on certain purely metaphysical points, though not many will be able from what is there given to understand clearly what the points of difference are. Certain supposed doctrinal implications therein charged against us we respectfully but firmly disavow as incorrect and unauthorized. It may, however, be conceded that the reviewer and the reviewed are not at one as to certain metaphysical questions which have nearer or more remote relations to certain questions in theology, and, of course, we must accept the consequences of entertaining any opinion in opposition to such an authority. Our reviewer is, no doubt, a learned and acute metaphysical philosopher and an authority on the subjects that he has discussed. As such we render to him due honor. He has also carried his philosophy into the realm of theology, and as his philosophy is specifically his own, so is his theology, not Calvinian, nor Pelagian, not exactly Wesleyan, and clearly not Watsonian, and more clearly still not Arminian. But better than all perhaps it is Whedonian, *sui generis*.